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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS later this week will have for subject, "THE EUGENE FIELD MYTH."

There has been an unavoidable postponement of the recent issues of this publication owing, principally, to the increase in the circulation of the MIRROR and difficulties in the matter of publication facilities, now happily surmounted.

Succeeding issues will appear immediately until the regular issue for each month corresponds with the month of issue, and there will be no more delays. The essays for the issues of this year are an interesting series and will treat of a great variety of subjects.

Following the essay "THE EUGENE FIELD MYTH" there will be issued next week "THE DIVORCE PROBLEM" in which that great, live question is broadly but decently handled.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

REFLECTIONS.

Teddy Junior

IT takes but a touch to stir the American people into sentiment of the gentlest sort. In a moment all the humorous cynicism of this people vanishes before some incident that appeals to the democratic heart. Such an incident is the illness of the President's son. The whole country pauses in its rush to say that it does hope "Teddy junior will pull through." Not because the sick boy is the President's son, but simply because in no people is there a keener sense of the joy of living and the brevity of life, and in no land under the sun does such an incident have quite so much significance, for there is nothing more eloquent of the fundamental doctrine of Americanism than the imminence of doom. The higher the station in which the warning is given, the more it brings home to the people how close they are together and how all differences must melt at last into mere mortality. The President's boy lying ill appeals to everyone. The father and the mother by his bedside are only father and mother after all, and if the sympathy and hope for them be somewhat more warmly expressed than it might be for others, it is only because of the fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt have put on so few of the gauds of official position and have been conspicuously, healthfully natural in their acceptance of the cares of a family. They have a thoroughly democratic houseful. Their children have been reared as children, not as priggish little princelings. They have given their children freedom, have allowed them to face the winds and the rains, have permitted them to be the elemental sort of creatures that children ought to be. The Roosevelt children have appealed to the country as very human youngsters, with just the saving grace of innocent mischief duly shown and not too self-consciously repressed. They have embodied not a little of the natural, hearty, breezy tone of health that their father has put into American political life, to its everlasting benefit. They have in some way come to represent to the people a more truly democratic, simple direct influence in the White House, and so when pneumonia strikes down the boy popularly called Teddy junior, the country feels that in his danger there is something that calls for more than the usual sympathy that would go out to any boy and his father and mother. The Roosevelts so emphatically stand for frank, open, generous, joyous, earnest life, that the mere suggestion of the shadow on their home is a shock to the country. There's no snobbery in the popular sympathy. It is just sympathy that goes out to the Roosevelts because the Roosevelts are so far removed from class or official pretense and pose. The sympathy is sincere because the Roosevelts are so. And so the whole country looks at the paper morning, noon and night for the news from the boy's bedside and says "I do hope Teddy junior will pull through," for Teddy junior is just such a boyish boy as his father is a manly man.

Admirable Crichtons

LORD ROSEBERRY has taken all knowledge for his province. He is a statesman, a financier, an orator, a critic, a society man, a racing expert, a wit and a humorist. And now it is announced that he has written a novel, soon to be published. One wonders what would happen in this country to a man who attempted such multifarious activities. The probabilities are that he would be regarded as an amiable lunatic and that he would be guyed out of public life in short order. But we haven't had any Roseberrys thus far. The best we have produced in this line is Beveridge, "the gifted boy," and if he be a "gifted boy" Mr. Beveridge can already see his finish. It doesn't pay,

in this country, to be too many kinds of a clever man. One has to have a specialty and stick to it. In the long run it will pay, if its only such a sorry specialty as that of Chauncey Depew.

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Romance In The News

THAT is a queer tale which comes from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to illuminate and clarify a murder mystery at Savannah, Mo. At Savannah, in December, 1900, Frank D. Richardson was killed in his own home. His wife was tried a few weeks since for the crime and acquitted. Her supposititious paramour's trial is pending. There was absolutely no proof against the woman, or against her alleged lover, at the woman's trial. Even the circumstantial evidence was flimsy guess work, along the theory that Richardson, coming home unexpectedly, found his wife *en flagrante delictu*, and was shot by the paramour. Now appears a man who explains that he witnessed the crime. He was recently converted to salvation. He says he went to Savannah and forced an entrance into the Richardson home to commit a burglary. He saw a man and a woman together. He saw a third man suddenly enter the house. He saw the first man shoot the second man, after the latter had exclaimed: "My God, has it come to this?" The man who had done the shooting then went to the front door, made a motion as if throwing something away, and passed out. He turned at the door and saw the burglar. The burglar left by the back way, came around the front way and into the presence of the dead man, when the man who did the shooting got him off into a corner, shoved some money into his hand and told him to leave. Now this sort of tale, if put in a melodrama, would be laughed at by realists, yet it's true, apparently, and it's better than anything Gaboriau, or Anna Katharine Green, or Fortune du Boisgobey could invent, and it may hang the young man suspected of loving Mrs. Richardson and demonstrate the correctness of the theory of the officials at Savannah, Mo. There's lots of romance in the news—sometimes it's all romance. This may be, but if the confessing person, whose name is Smith, be simply lying, he is wasting his talents every minute he is not working on a yellow journal.

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Respectable Crooks

"RESPECTABLE" crooks in St. Louis are all regretting that prominent business men should be "dragged" before the Grand Jury and subjected to a sweating process and even indicted for failure to tell the truth under oath. No city has been worse plundered by "respectables" than St. Louis. In no city is respectability, so called, more generally founded on the robbery of the public than in St. Louis. A batch of "eminently respectables" in prison garb in the State penitentiary is an object lesson that is greatly needed in this community. These fellows cannot be dragged too often before the inquisitors, nor can they be sweated too severely. Social and business pulls must not be permitted to extricate the vicious wealthy from the toils in which their misdeeds have entangled them. Bag the bribers. One "respectable" briber sent to the "pen" will be worth more as a prevention of future corruption than the "nailing" of a dozen of the cattle they have bought.

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Hugging for the Church

THE cause of religion is looking up. Nothing that can make religion popular is overlooked in the management of the church of to-day. The young people of the North Greenfield, Ohio, Congregational church gave a hugging social last month and raised \$75 toward paying off the church debt. Following were the rates charged: Girls under fifteen years of age, fifteen cents for two minutes' hug. Girls under twenty years, fifty cents. Twenty to twenty-five years, seventy-five cents. Another man's wife,

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one dollar. Old maids, three cents and no time limit. Adelia Dennison, who prepared the schedule of prices, was probably the most popular of the young women. The girls of the congregation set another meeting for this month but a few unprogressive members are talking of calling it off because it is not in accord with the effete traditions to which they subscribe. The recent hugging match has widely advertised the affair, and the girls say that if the one arranged for this month is given they will pay off the entire debt. This kind of religion is clearly the kind that is calculated to reach out, catch and retain with a strong grip men who otherwise might never cease to render fealty to the World, the Flesh and the Devil. These girls of North Greenfield, Ohio, prove their innocent girlishness by the scale of prices ranging from fifteen cents for a hug of a girl of fifteen to the dollar for a hug of another man's wife. The whole scheme is exquisitely designed to cause an awakening among men. It is a feature of religion that has been almost forgotten since the days of the worship of Mylitta, at Babylon, or Tanit, in old Carthage. It is a form of religion that might easily be invoked to pay off heavier debts than that of the North Greenfield Congregational church, but one doubts if the members of the church would pursue it to its logical conclusion and accept as contributions to the fund for wiping out the church debt the receipts of a bagnio for a given period. This fashion of religious entertainment, it is to be hoped, will not grow popular. All the church debts might be wiped out too soon and there would be nothing for a great many church ladies to do, and no chance for them to let themselves out for a fee to enthusiastic huggers. But what a treat it would be if we could see the inside of the head of the pastor of the North Greenfield Congregational church, who sanctioned the hugging party!

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Briber and Bribed

COMPANION riddle to "which was first, the egg or the chicken?" is the query "who is responsible for boodling, the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker?" It is argued that men would not bribe if bribes were not demanded. It is argued that the briber offers the temptation. To decide which is true, is not an easy matter. The cause of bribery in the matter of franchises is to be found in the character of the thing purchased. A franchise is a right to use public property. Those who seek the right do not wish to pay its real value into the public treasury. They would rather pay smaller sums to individuals than larger sums to the city proper. They offer what seem large sums to recreant public servants, but are, in reality, small sums considering the privilege asked. The venal public servant puts his greed above the public interest and pockets the price that should go into the public purse. The franchise seeker would rather put up a moderately large sum in cash than pay a steady revenue per year into the public treasury. For instance, the Suburban Railway Company was willing to pay \$135,000 in boodle to St. Louis Assemblmen, at one swoop, but not to pay steadily, for the duration of the privilege sought, a percentage upon the value of the franchise, which had the road secured it, would have enhanced the value of the property by \$2,000,000. The bribe-giver and the bribe-taker were, in all probability, born simultaneously. The one robs the people by securing rights to use public thoroughfares, and not paying for the use. The other robs the people by putting in his pocket the sum of money that the city should get, and the sum is always ridiculously less than the city would get if the privilege were disposed of, for public benefit, on the basis of its real value. The Suburban franchise, worth \$2,000,000, earning four per cent for its purchasers, would have netted them \$80,000 in one year. The assemblmen were willing to sell the right for only \$55,000 more than one year's earnings. It is difficult, abstractly, to say whether the briber or the bribed is worse. It is only common sense to say that the only reason the briber consents to bribe, is that it is cheaper to secure franchises that way than to pay the community an honest price. The briber invariably profits most by such transactions. Such bribery sharpens the appetite of venal repre-

sentatives of the people and makes them demand pay for every act bestowing anything upon anybody. The briber who can give \$135,000 for a \$2,000,000 franchise is the man who makes the assemblmen charge \$25 a vote for an ordinance permitting the laying of a switch. Public property should be let out to private parties only by public auction to the highest bidder. All bribery has its root in the fact that some one wants to secure the use of something belonging to the public for a sum smaller than the common sense of the public would exact. The cure is publicity in the disposal of privileges.

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Warring About the Bible

IN all the talk of the errancy or inerrancy of the Scriptures, anent the heresy of men like Professor Pearson, there is much language and little thought. Is the inerrancy of the Scriptures a provable proposition? If so, how is it proved? By what logic can the Scriptures be shown to have been, or still to be, inspired by God Himself? God must be the only witness who could settle the matter definitely. If the Scriptures can be proved errant as to matters of scientific fact or historic fact, does that errancy as to one sort of fact disprove the truth of what is asserted in Scripture as to the attributes of God? The essential truth of the Bible is not historical truth. It is, theoretically at least, the truth of the assertions that are beyond material demonstration that is to be considered. It is conceivable that the Bible may be false to history and at odds with science without being at all untrue with regard to those things which are of the essence of religion. The inspiration of the Bible in these matters can neither be proved nor disproved indisputably. Acceptance of the theory or fact of inspiration is not the result of proof but of belief. Not one man in one hundred thousand who accepts the theory has proved it to himself. Not one disbeliever in a million has proved the theory wrong. The Bible is as believable as any other book of anything like equal age, as to its main facts, to any student of it as mere history or literature; but that the Bible is something more than mere literature we have, apparently, indisputable proof in its effect upon that portion of mankind that has accepted its spirit as the spirit of the Divine. We need not consider the miracles, nor the story of creation. The point is whether the informing spirit of the book is the spirit that lifts man upward more than does anything else, or than ever did anything else, towards what he conceives to be the semipertual Goodness. The man who denies this must deny the evidence of history and of his own senses. He must be able to point out a better philosophy for all, a higher moral law than the Bible sets forth to mankind. There are men who think they can do this, but no considerable proportion of their fellow men is in accord with such discoverers. If a God, in a world such as we know, were to deliver any inspiration whatever to the inhabitants of such a world, who can say that the deliverances, at present generally accepted in its broader aspects, could be improved upon? Who can conceive a better exemplar for mankind than Jesus Christ, a better morality than the Ten Commandments, a more universal charity than is embodied in the Lord's Prayer? And as for the stories in the Old Testament, that present such difficulties to so many scientists and logicians because of their alleged impossibility, even if they be in conflict with our reason, judging the book solely as literature, are they actually the essential features of that literature? The plenary inspiration of the Bible may be impossible of belief to many persons in this age, but the plenary influence of the Bible for good cannot more reasonably be denied than the beneficence of sunlight or sleep in nature. The discrediting of the Bible, as to this detail or that, in the Old Testament or the New, is not work for human betterment, in so far as such discrediting tends to discredit the general principles that the Bible inculcates as to the best uses to be made of life. It doesn't matter if the sun did not stand still for Joshua, or the great fish did not swallow Jonah, or the Red Sea did not part its waters for Moses, provided the morality that is inculcated in the book that narrates these and other wonders is demonstrably the highest morality the

world has ever seen. This last point is, to the present writer's thinking, beyond dispute. Being so, it is at least remarkable, not to say miraculous, that such a morality should have been invented or conceived by men without some inspiration from somewhere beyond themselves. The men who have given us the prevalent morality did not evolve it from sheer thought. If sheer thought could have evolved it, Plato would have found it, or Socrates. If it was in the heart naturally, how came it not to have been brought out of the heart—this doctrine of love—until the coming of a carpenter to strike it from the hearts of humbler beings like the Apostles and Disciples? The errancy of the world to-day is errancy from the culmination of the Bible in Christ Jesus, the great exemplar. The Bible may not be literally the word of God, but the broader Christianity that is built upon the Bible and the history it relates is the only religion that seems Godlike. There is no higher ideal than that held forth by pure Christianity. The Bible may or may not be inspired, but where are the other writings that have done as much for mankind in ways both spiritual and material, in spite of man's wavering, through the weakness of the flesh, from the closest adherence to the principles and the conduct of the moral hero which the Old Testament foreshadows and the New Testament explicates for us? Judging the Bible by results it certainly is a book that is not to be cast aside lightly because one does not believe this thing or that contained between its covers. Men may and do honestly doubt the book's entire inerrancy, but no one can sanely doubt that the Bible culminates in the presentation of a type of man and a philosophy of life that surpass in nobility of aspiration and contain more possibility of achievement of good than all the other religious heroes and philosophies the world has known. If there be a greater man than Christ that man must be a God, and in that conviction the most agnostic of us all comes perilously near to a confession that there is a show of reason for the faith of millions that Christ was God Himself.

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Advertising the World's Fair

WE may all differ in our opinion as to whether the St. Louis World's Fair can possibly be held in 1903, but there is no difference of opinion among the well-informed, that if the Fair is to be a success, whenever held, it will have to be better advertised than it has been thus far. And the advertising will have to be paid for. The newspapers and periodicals of the country, or their proprietors, are tired of giving free space to World's Fairs that are designed to make money for certain communities. The Buffalo Exposition failed in the midst of general prosperity, because the newspapers refused to give free space to the exploitation of its glories. Think of the Charleston Exposition! Who hears or reads anything about it? Eight people out of ten don't know such an exposition is being held. The newspapers are not filling themselves up with stock cuts and stock articles about the institution. Neither is there so much space in the newspapers of the country concerning our World's Fair as there was about the Chicago World's Fair at a corresponding stage in the progress of that enterprise. Why should outside newspapers "boost" St. Louis' game? St. Louis gets \$5,000,000 from the Government to put up a show to attract people to St. Louis. Why should outside newspapers, run as business enterprises, advertise St. Louis' business for nothing, any more than they would advertise any other business for nothing? Already many prominent papers have seen fit to attack the St. Louis World's Fair for various causes, but all the causes settle down into one cause, which is that a St. Louis company has millions in a business enterprise, dependent for its success upon publicity, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company wants to get its publicity for nothing. The MIRROR is not approving this attitude or disapproving it. The facts are flatly stated; that is all. Free advertising is not going to produce the results. The papers of the country are not going to be jolted into boozing other World's Fairs as they boozed the one at Chicago. They will print the news of the Fair, but they will not spread

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themselves and rhapsodize. They did not over-exert themselves in behalf of Buffalo and they are not inclined to charge their tactics now. They realize that boozing the Fair will be the boozing of railroad business for nothing and they are not inclined to do that since the consolidation of railroads is operating to cut down advertising expenditure, first thing of all. The advertising of the World's Fair is going to cost money if it is to be properly done. It must be done in the newspapers to be properly done. The newspapers outside of St. Louis cannot be expected to advertise the World's Fair for nothing, as a matter of public spirit. Neither they nor their subscribers nor their advertisers, as a rule, will realize any benefit from the Fair and they are getting into the frame of mind to exact fair rates for Fair boozing. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company will make a mistake if it does not put aside a sum from its many millions, largely in excess of any sum for the same purpose ever set aside before, to make sure that the World's Fair will be properly advertised in the great publications of the country. Free advertising is going to be very small. The MIRROR, as a St. Louis paper, cannot charge for advertising an enterprise that must help all St. Louis business to a greater or less extent. The MIRROR, therefore, doesn't charge the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company a cent for this tip. Time, and a very short time, will demonstrate the tip's value.

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Dishonesty in Business

A FEW days ago, at one of the clubs, a number of business men were started to talking by the declaration of one of them that, inside of two years, he had discharged from his employ three men for stealing. There were four men in the party and each one declared that he had such experience along the same line in his business as led him to believe that dishonesty was on the increase everywhere. Business men generally are agreed that peculation seems to be much more common among employees than it used to be, or, at least, that more is heard of it nowadays. No business man would openly proclaim the growth of dishonesty as a matter for the public good. Yet all great business establishments are annoyed, more than the public is ever aware, by petty thefts and embezzlement. Of course, as the number of employees of an establishment increases the percentage of the dishonest must increase, in some proportion, more especially as the opportunities for dishonesty increase. Young men are not content to live on such small salaries as contented their fathers when starting out in the world, and, the MIRROR believes, conditions are such that a young man cannot live, nowadays, on what sufficed his father forty years ago. Life's necessities are more numerous. Life's temptations, too, are greater. The things desirable that money may obtain seem more necessary to a proper enjoyment of life. Certain phases of successful business, too, as described in print and generally discussed and believed, are so hard to distinguish from deeds that are still believed to be dishonest, that the mind of an employee of a great corporation is apt to settle down to a conviction that the difference between dishonesty and honesty is only the difference between failure and success, between discovery and not being discovered. The gambling element in life has increased, apparently, and so many tanneries are made, in business, off of shoe-strings that the lure is strong to take a chance and to take another's money or goods to take the chance on. In a recent failure of a brokerage firm, in this city, it was discovered that a vast percentage of the firm's gambling customers was made up of the officers and employees of country banks in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois—all gambling on other peoples' money. The collector for a firm, to-day, has to be pretty strong to resist holding out a few dollars to make more at craps. The salesman who carries goods out of the large store to sell to friends for his own profit is numerous enough to justify the proprietors in having all employees searched as they leave the store in the evening. Private detective agencies multiply rapidly for no other reason than that there is money to be made by renting out men to corporations to discover employees who are stealing. There are hundreds

of signs that dishonesty among employees is very prevalent, and those in position to know aver that for one case shown up in the papers there are twenty cases of theft and embezzlement never heard of. And yet, it is doubtful if dishonesty be actually on the increase. If it were, it is not likely that the business man would trust anyone. The overwhelmingly preponderating majority of men are honest men. The thieves are only more noticeable as the cities and their businesses are compacted. When one thinks of the actual stealing that is reported and even of that stealing of which business men quietly complain, and realizes how much the very greatest businesses depend upon the general integrity of men, quite independent of all systems devised for the prevention and detection of theft, it becomes plain that if dishonesty were increasing as much as some people declare, the thefts would destroy all the profits in business. The MIRROR does not believe that there is more dishonesty among employees now than there was ten or twenty or forty years ago, proportioned to the difference in the volume of the business and the number of persons employed to do it.

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Khayyam In Petticoats

THE MIRROR has been favored by the publisher, John Lane, New York, with a copy of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's paraphrase of Omar Khayyam, in a pretty volume. The quatrains are palpably imitative of Fitz Gerald, which, of course, militates against their effectiveness, yet some of them are very happy renditions of the Omani idea. Nevertheless, there is a curious mincing, superfeminine flavor of sensuality about them that becomes repellent. Mr. Le Gallienne is an Omar in petticoats, and the spectacle is not pleasing. Omar faddists, however, will find the volume interesting for its psychologic evidence of the manner in which large ideas may be dwarfed into mere conceits and how a healthy epicureanism may be transformed into morbidity.

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The Missouri Senatorship

MR. DE ARMOND, the incendiary of Missouri, is now sprung as a candidate for United States Senator, to succeed Mr. Vest. Mr. De Armond is a very able man with a harsh voice and, at first sight, a repellent manner. Mr. De Armond is an upright man, too. He would make a good Senator. He has an undoubted right to try for the place. But is his candidacy fair? Mr. William J. Stone, whom this paper has criticised often and harshly, has long been an avowed candidate. He has made a long, hard fight. He has taken all sorts of abuse. He has stood out boldly against the gold bugs and other reorganizers of the Democracy, and he has stood up for free silver, with only slight defections of position. He has done not a little for his party. There is no doubt about his ability. The array of his enemies is alone enough to prove that. He has perfected an organization in spite of the attacks of such excellent campaigners as Stephens and Champ Clark. He was fought by the gold bugs at every turn. He had them all beaten in the race. Then Mr. De Armond is launched at this late hour. The idea is not that De Armond can be elected exactly, but that he can defeat Stone. It doesn't matter how Stone is to be defeated. Or rather it does matter, for the plot is to defeat Stone and elect the Republican aspirant, Mr. Richard C. Kerens. The men who want to defeat Stone in the Democratic party want to elect Kerens and are handling, or directing the handling, of Mr. Kerens' money in keeping alive the Populist and Public Ownership parties. Mr. De Armond is sprung to split up the legislative delegation of Democrats. Mr. De Armond probably does not know this or believe it, but it is none the less a fact. He may or may not be anxious to defeat Stone's ambition, but it passes belief that he, being an honorable Democrat, wants to lend himself to the election of Mr. Kerens. It does not seem probable to the MIRROR that Stone can be defeated now, and while this paper believes that the election of a Republican Senator from Missouri might be a good thing for the State, it does not hesitate to say that the fight upon Stone is one that is hardly fair to him as an open aspirant or to the rank and file of the

Democracy. Stone has done the work that will keep this State in line for Democracy, if anything can keep it in line. He has fought his party's fight. He should have the reward of his services. If beaten for the Senatorship he should be beaten by Republicans, not sold out by Democrats, and Mr. De Armond is not the sort of man to train with those who want to sell out Stone, because he has sense enough to know that the fellows who sell out Stone would sell De Armond if they could make enough by doing it. Stone deserves the Senatorship if any politician deserves it. The place should not be given to another Democrat on the strength of Stone's work. And if a Republican can get the place it is to be hoped that the lucky man will be some one who has something to recommend him besides money. Stone's selection is infinitely preferable to the open sale of George Vest's toga to Mr. Kerens, and Mr. De Armond's late hour candidacy, though he probably does not know it, is simply a preliminary to the contemplated purchase and sale.

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Shall We Shoot Old Workers?

SHOULD all workers who reach the age of 45 be taken out and shot? That was a suggestion made the other day at a labor meeting in Chicago. There is little use for the old man in business life, these days, unless he be at the head of the business. The cry goes up everywhere for young men. This is made plain to anyone who endeavors to secure employment for any man past his vigorous youth. Experience, the older men who are looking for jobs will say, counts for nothing. Youth is content with smaller pay because youth has hope and ambition to feed upon. Whatever the argument be, the fact remains that the man of forty-five, or thereabouts, who finds himself out of a job, has a hard time getting another, and the hard time is rendered harder by his constant facing of the insinuation that he is a "back number." Perhaps his position is rendered no more pleasant by the semi-serious proposal that it would be better for himself and for everybody else if he were taken out in some vacant lot and shot like a glandered horse or a distempered dog. What's the remedy? There doesn't seem to be any that is practicable, or that is even as good as a working hypothesis. We can't prevent children and women from entering upon work formerly done by men, for that simply transfers the misery of the situation to another quarter. Of course there are many men of 45, and much older, who have no trouble in securing positions, but they are exceptional men. They usually are men of especial capabilities. They are men who have kept up with the times and kept young in spirit while so doing. Still this does not mitigate the condition for the man who has no especial capabilities and no adaptability, which latter would seem, in these days, to be much more important, since, in most cases, the older man out of a job is in that predicament because of some change in the methods of work that renders him unnecessary in the lines of effort to which he has been accustomed. The bald fact seems to be that the worker of the future must be a man who will have the qualities that will either put him beyond the need of employment after 45 or will render him useful through superior intelligence for the years beyond that age. The man who works in future must be a man in whom are cultivated capabilities and adaptabilities more varied than have been customary in the past. The worker will have to learn how to save himself and better himself while putting forth his best effort when young, and, what is, perhaps, more important, will have to save his money against the time when the boss may come around and tell him that it's too bad, but the necessities of business compelling him out because he is getting to be "a little slow." That the majority of workers cannot meet the requirements here suggested, is only too certain. All men cannot be first-class workmen. Many must inevitably be crowded out of their places. They may be fairly competent, but the demand of the time is for something more than mere competency for work. What is needed is originality, foresight, being a little ahead of the pace, being ready to step from the old thing to the new

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thing, and do it "up to the handle." The man who is "willing to do anything," but when asked what he can do is unable to name anything that the person to whom he applies wants done, is in a bad way now and his fate will be worse in future. It may be that better education will render men fitted to last longer, by making them more variously useful, but that is doubtful. It will always be urged against a man of 45, or thereabouts, looking for a job, that if he was fit for a job he would have one, and that to put him into a new job and different work would be the almost hopeless task of "teaching an old dog new tricks." At the rate we are now going, the man who hasn't "arrived" at 40 is not regarded as having much chance of ever "arriving." This means that the only hope now visible is for the Government to provide an old age pension for those crowded out by youth, unless, of course, the younger men work harder, and die earlier. The worker of the future must be "fixed" by the time he reaches the 45 mile-post, or he may have to become a tramp and a beggar. The State cannot very well take him out and shoot him. We cannot advise him to shoot himself. We will hang him if he thinks to improve matters by shooting somebody else. All of which is very logical, but what hope is there in it for the man of 45, or older, who, for no other fault than his age, walks the streets vainly seeking work while his wife and children are starving?

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Boomlets

THAT boomlet for Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, for the Presidency is not yet dead. The friends of Fairbanks are active, and he is receptive as well as hopeful that the Roosevelt popularity may strike a snag before long. Senator Hanna is not saying much, but he has not let go of Fairbanks. Senator Beveridge, Fairbanks' colleague, is not helping him any, and Senator Foraker, of Ohio, is in an attitude of neutrality to both Roosevelt and Fairbanks, notwithstanding his reported declaration in favor of a second term for the present incumbent of the executive office. Foraker thinks he will have a chance himself, for he has conceived the idea that Tom Johnson may be strong enough in Ohio to make necessary the placing of an Ohioan on the Republican ticket. There are some Republicans who affect to believe that neither of the new Cabinet members, Payne and Shaw, are yet cut loose from the McKinley "syndicate."

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Greeks Bringing Gifts

FRIENDSHIP for the United States upon the part of European nations is being overdone. It is well, as of old, to fear the Greeks when they come bearing presents. It is well to be courteous to all the nations, but no entangling alliances must remain our policy. The United States is not loved abroad, in spite of what princes and pressmen may say. The working masses have been taught that the Yankees are taking the bread out of their mouths and the middle classes are envious of Yankee commercial success. The people of Europe do not despise us so much as they did before the Spanish war; but they fear us more, and their fear is apt to take the form of hate. This being so it will be well for us all to refrain from millennial dreams and Utopian visions of peace with all mankind. This country will have to fight for its pre-eminence and will have to fight with those countries now professing the warmest affection for us. The visit of Prince Henry will be an agreeable episode, but what significance of friendliness can it have while Germany's Reichstag tariff committee is proceeding to declare war upon our export business by approving a bill providing that in the absence of treaty stipulations, the same rates of duty shall be applied to foreign goods as are enforced in the country of their origin, against "similar German goods?" Do our Western farmers know what this means? inquires the *New York Nation*. It means Dingley rates clapped upon American wheat and bacon and pork seeking a market in Germany. The "fake" agricultural duties put into our law to fool the simple-minded farmer will, in other words, become a stern reality in German hands. On our wheat we should have to

face a tariff tax of twenty-five cents a bushel; bacon and hams would have to pay five cents per pound, salt pork twenty-five per cent ad valorem, and so on. Meanwhile the German reciprocity treaty sleeps the sleep of the forgotten in the Senate, and, with a tariff war plainly in sight, we are giving ourselves up to the coming fetes intended to show our warm friendship for Germany. We are welcoming the Emperor's brother right royally, but we are helping to starve the German workingman. We banquet Prince Henry, but we are not stopping our invasion of German markets all over the world. The coming of the Prince is a "show" that pleases the mob, in both countries, and the snobs especially in this country. It loosens up a little coin here and there, but it has no meaning as bringing the people of Germany and the United States into closer friendship. He will say nice things to us. We will say nice things to him. But the American people and the German people are not really concerned with the palaver. Soft words butter no parsnips. Business is business. And National friendships are not established by formal visits of rulers to rulers. The United States and Germany are in conflict that touches the pockets of the people and this makes for national enmity, whatever a Prince may say to a President or a President to a Prince.

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Rumors From East Aurora

WHAT'S this we hear? A row at East Aurora? At East Aurora where the perpetual adjuration is "be kind!" There be rumors abroad that an Irishman, who had long been of the faithfulest of the Faithful, called the Pastor down, yea and smote Fra Albertus mightily before the assembled philanderers. A whisper is borne upon the wind that the Apostle of Artistic Altruism walks about his place with two large revolvers strapped unto his aesthetico-ascetic person, while the Firbolg fulminates against him in Addisonian English, punctuated with expletives that asperse both the Prophet's ancestry and his posterity, cursing him verily with a curse that surpasses in malevolent ingenuity not only the great curse of Ernulphus preserved for us in "Tristram Shandy" in one form, and in the "Ingoldsby Legends" in another; yea, cursing him as no person, place or thing was ever cursed since the piper O'Kelly indulged in the curse of Doneraile for that he was there relieved of his watch. We read in Cowley-Brown's *Chicago Goose Quill* an article on "The Man of East Aurora," the scintillant venom, the mordant mephitism, the fluidly poisonous preciosity of which could only drop from a pen pushed by a hand urged by a mind familiar with the ineffable nuances of classical models in Latin, in French and in English. The portraiture of the man of East Aurora is something to make the flesh creep, for it is a picture of a creature in such moral decay as the world has not witnessed since the heyday of the author of "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." There are suggestions, subtle but hideous, of an atmosphere at East Aurora that might possibly have been duplicated in the last days of Alexandria. There are intimations of an esoteric-erotic, religious insanity that for comparison have to be placed alongside of the recent revelations of the trial of the infamous Ann Odelia Diss Debar, in London. This is all done, evidently, by a hand whose craftsmanship we have enjoyed before. It comes forth simultaneously with the stories that the Irish Roycrofter smote the Pastor because the Pastor didn't approve a parody upon Alfred Austin's "Together" poem. The Irishman's poem was very much "in the altogether." The *Goose-Quill* article on "The Man of East Aurora" speaks of things that shock even the persons who can tolerate with equanimity Rossetti's poem, "Jenny," reprinted in full in the same issue. It is written "from the inside" and discloses a malevolence that mounts almost into the sublime, and in itself is quite a compliment to the individual that can evoke such death-clamm hatred. No one could have penned the frightful scarification but one who had been the friend and admirer of the vicim. It is mad protest against a sickening disillusion, for which, perhaps, the objective is not wholly responsible. "The Man of East Aurora" from having been a demigod has suddenly

come to stand, to some one, as the body of spiritual death. When friends fall out the public always is benefited by these Roentgen-ray exposures, especially if the friends have the gift of writing. The MIRROR sincerely regrets that there has been a knock-down-and-drag-out "scrap" in the shrine of the great imitator of William Morris. It grieves that an Irishman of an alliteratively musical name should have been impelled to flog the saintly one of Sun-up. It regrets that the Eleusinian mysteries of the shrine should be exposed to the vulgar gaze, and that a great lover of his fellows on the public platform should be inferentially pilloried as falling into the last, flabby stages of the votaries of too much love of love. There is, possibly, nay probably, a misapprehension on both sides. Is it not possible to arrange an arbitration between the Man of East Aurora, and the man of County Cork? In the interest of public innocence cannot the revelations be stopped? The public must not have all its idols shattered. Will not Fra Elbertus disarm himself? Will not the man from County Cork restrain his Addisonian animadversions and his de Mau-passant diabolism, until the matter can be adjudicated in some "chamber deaf to sound and blind to light?" The Man of East Aurora needs all his energies to keep up his old time warfare upon Fear, and the Man from County Cork should conserve his energies for the denunciation of the Sassenach.

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Colonel Boodler

"GENIAL" COL. EDWARD BUTLER has told the Grand Jury that when he gets his "fee" for passing a bill in the Municipal Assembly he never fails. He says his method is a "business secret." Such a business secret is against public morals, in that it necessarily involves a crime. The Grand Jury should learn the Colonel's secret, and then indict the Colonel. If the Grand Jury lets Butler escape after he has openly scoffed at it and sneered at its ineptitude the people of this city will be justified in suspecting that the men who have been indicted have met that fate because they were temerarious enough to boodle through another agency than Butler. Col. Butler has made a fortune out of his fees during the past thirty years, and his friends are the people who paid him those fees. Is the Grand Jury afraid of Col. Butler and his fees, that it takes up only the boodle cases in which Col. Butler was not interested? Does the Grand Jury design to confirm Butler's boodle monopoly, and guarantee him security by indicting his boodling competitors? Butler has boasted of his prowess while the people of the city were shocked by boodle revelations. He has practically defied the law in half a dozen interviews. The Grand Jury has heard of Butler's attempt to thrust money inside the vest of a member of the Board of Health, and of Butler's offer of \$2,500 in gold to another member of the Board of Health, to secure their vote for the garbage contract. If that does not constitute an attempt at bribery what does constitute such an offense? What protects Colonel Butler? Has he friends on the Grand Jury pledged to take care of him in the interest of certain great local interests? Why is it that the man who has openly proclaimed his efficiency as a briber of assemblymen cannot be reached by the processes of law? Has the genial Colonel during his thirty years of infamy developed into an institution of the town which it would be vandalism to attack? Or does the fact that he is a millionaire and the business associate of millionaires, count in his favor? All this furore over cleansing the city of boodling is a farce if Butler isn't "landed." And it begins to look like a farce. The papers are beginning to "let up." The pull is upon them. "The exposure," they are being told, "is hurting the town" Enough has been done to clear the atmosphere. The thing has gone far enough. Soak the little fellows that are caught and the fellows not caught will be good in future. What's the use of going after Butler. He's old and "daffy;" can't you see his days are done by his fool talk. All the people for whom Butler has boodled are at work in an effort to stop the investigation short of Butler. You'll hear the talk in all the big clubs, at the bank directors' meetings. Chop it off. Hush it up. The business *elite*

are all beholden to Butler. They are afraid that he may be caught. Butler is the core of municipal rotteness. Let him escape and the net result of the furore is that all boodling will be done by Butler, and the friends of Butler will be able to choke off all new ventures that may need the help of the Assembly during the World's Fair period. If Butler escapes, the Immortal Cinch strengthens its hold on the town and no new man can break in, and this town will be a snap for the close-corporation of grafters who are tightening their hold on everything through their identification with the World's Fair.

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President Schurman as Jack Bunsby

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, president of Cornell University, after visiting the Philippines, as one of McKinley's first commissioners, came back a fairly ardent imperialist. Now, three years later, he comes out in an address in which he completely reverses his position. He bases his reversal of opinion upon the report of General Chaffee that the heterogeneous people of the island have been made into a homogeneous people "under the hammer of war and the heat of strife." He does not regard at all, apparently, the opinion of Governor Taft almost diametrically opposed to that of General Chaffee. President Schurman wants us now to abandon the Philippines to self government, though not until whoever may be in charge of civil government there shall approve of the action. Without consideration of President Schurman's hedging qualification it is pertinent to ask once more a few questions. What will become of the Philippines if we leave them to themselves? Could the Filipinos protect themselves from stronger nations? Would we not be in honor bound to maintain a protectorate over them? If we maintained a protectorate would we not have to have a great deal to say in Filipino affairs, even to vetoing policies of theirs that might invite trouble, and if we exercised such control would the Filipinos really have independence? How can the United States get out of the Philippines and leave the islanders to the mercy of great powers and to their own factional disturbances? How can we exercise a protectorate over the Filipinos without asserting suzerainty and thus, measurably, at least, denying them self-government? The Philippine situation, as all thinking men admit, is a bad job, but no one, not even President Schurman, has told us how the United States is going to make the bad job better by abandoning the islands. It is dollars to doughnuts that if the administration were to back out of the islands to-morrow, our army would have to return inside of a year to keep out some other army or to maintain order among the Filipinos themselves. The New York *Evening Post* says: "More people of the thinking, reflecting, influential classes have been reconciled to our occupation of the Philippines by the arguments of Mr. Schurman's report and by his reputation and authority than by any other means—more even than by the action of President McKinley himself." President Schurman argued thus when he was fresh from the scene of war in the islands. Now, after a long absence from the islands, he wants an election held in all the pacified provinces to establish representative government. Again the President of Cornell is hedging. Why the pacified provinces? Surely if any Filipino is entitled to govern himself, it is the one who is still fighting for that right and refuses to be pacified. Not much independence and self-government in that word "pacified." If the Filipinos have to be "pacified" before we let them govern themselves, we may as well pacify them all before we give them self-government. If we don't, the unpacified will further pacify the pacified into the pacification of death as soon as our soldiers' backs are turned. President Schurman's latest utterance, published by the Scribners, is eloquent, but it is so illogical as to be almost ridiculous, especially as his strongest assertions are all pulled back by qualifications that practically nullify them. He blows hot and cold. He is a trimmer who trims even his most elaborate trimmings. With his qualification that American control over local administration in the Philippines shall not supplant our direct control until Governor Taft, or whoever else may be

in charge of civil government there, approves of it, President Schurman delivers himself of a *Jack Bunsby* utterance. We shall let the Philippines govern themselves when we think they can be trusted to do so—why, that is what imperialists have been saying all along.

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Some One Should Suffer

SOME one should suffer the severest penalty of the law for the sacrifice of the lives of seven firemen in a building that should have been condemned years ago. Some one should be punished for the loss of eleven lives in an alleged hotel last Sunday morning because there were no fire-escapes on the building, no night watchman, no proper inspection of the premises. Eighteen lives destroyed because the building ordinances are not enforced in this city, constitute an indictment of some person or persons. Some one should "do time" for manslaughter or for criminal negligence.

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The Bantam Mayor

"WE got a Mayor yet, aint it?" He is a Mayor who investigates things, who reads bills before signing or vetoing them, who insists upon enforcement of ordinances, who can always be found at his office when not absent on public business, who attends meetings of citizens for purposes of public betterment, who insists upon locating responsibility for firemen crushed to death, for citizens burned to death, for children poisoned by bad serum, who insists upon large employing corporations having their employes vaccinated, who does everything with all his heart, and as if his salary depended upon the proper execution of his public function. We have a Mayor who talks out in public and tells the people why they have been badly governed. We have a Mayor who is "run" neither by ward committeemen nor cabals in the swell clubs, and a Mayor who will get up in the night to perform a duty to the public. We have a Mayor whom anyone can see upon any public matter at any time during his office hours, or on very important matters, outside of office hours. We have a Mayor of whom no one can say that anyone in the city has a dominant influence with him. We have a Mayor who is "a good fellow" without cheapening himself or stepping down from his dignity, and is the same at all points, whether at the swell St. Louis Club, the ultra Democratic Jefferson Club, or the christening of policeman's sixth "kid." He is always willing to hear a complaint, and doesn't forget it after hearing it, and is just as good a poor man's Mayor as a rich man's Mayor. He is not addicted to jollying the public, and he utterly ignores all opportunity for playing to the grand stand. A perfectly "square," unaffected, "game" bantam is our St. Louis Mayor, and don't you forget it.

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Country Bucket Shops

COMPLAINT is becoming quite general against the appearance in the better country towns of bucket shops in which the farmers are induced to gamble in imaginary wheat and shares. The farmers and stockmen are lured into dealing in futures and they are soon tied up and financially crippled. These country bucket shops more often than not have only hypothetical connections with the markets, and the operators are mostly sharpers who are not quite sharp enough to keep up with the city game. The bucket shop in the small town is doing a damage that no one can estimate. It is getting away with most of the results of the farmer's prosperity. It should be licensed out of existence.

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A Patron Saint

SAINT VALENTINE'S the patron saint of all of us. The ancients knew him, before there were any saints, as Cupid. The worship of him is the secret of the existence of the world. Take out love and there would be nothing to the world at all, neither poetry, science, art, business, war, pain, pleasure, pity, hope or faith,—no beauty in life, no spark in the dust of death. Saint Valentine's day is one that we must not neglect to honor. Hurrah for Saint

Valentine! Let everybody be in love with somebody, provided, of course, that that somebody be not ourselves—or somebody's else.

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Criminal Filtration

THERE is a statute of the State of Missouri making it a misdemeanor to adulterate food with alum. If food why not water? Yet the advocates of filtration of St. Louis' water supply know that filtration can only be done by the use of tons upon tons of alum in the water. Baking powder makers are fined for selling powder containing alum, yet the filtrationists would dose the entire population with the dangerous chemical that dries up the sources of life in men and women. Alum filtration is folly. It is also criminal.

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Sense About Beer

A MOB of ministerial misfits have been complaining because, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the students were permitted to have beer at a "kommers," or student gathering. President Pritchett, of the Institute, favored letting the boys have beer, and has no apologies to offer. "The drinking of beer and wine is not a crime," says Dr. Pritchett; "it is not a thing that is even immoral. It is a question for each man to judge for himself. I should prefer to have students meet in a building under the control of the institution, where beer is used in a rational way, than to have them sent where the use of beer is unlimited." That is sound sense. Temperance is what this country needs, not fanaticism. Those who will may abstain, but they should not try to coerce others into abstinence.

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A PARTY IN A HOLE.

BY ASBESTOS.

Up Against The Tariff

EVERYBODY who has closely observed the workings of things in Washington, during the past week, has come to the conclusion that the Republicans have slipped their political wisdom-trolley and are floundering helplessly in a hole. At the beginning of this Congress the Democrats, apparently, had no more show for a winning argument in the Congressional campaign, this fall, than a one-legged man would have at a kicking match, but they have, for once, had sense enough to keep their mouths shut and let matters drift. This drift has taken the Republicans very near the precipice, and unless they are expert handlers of the oars they will go over, this fall, with a dull thud. The Republicans in the Senate are not only tasting the Philippine tariff bill in their coffee every morning, but the Republicans in the House are in all sorts of trouble. They started in very leisurely to whittle down the war revenue taxes, intending to take off a little here and a little there, for they expected to have to cut down some of the treasury surplus by making some concession to Cuba in the shape of a tariff reduction on raw sugar and tobacco, and they did not want to carve too deeply into that surplus for fear of accidents. Then the beet-sugar people appeared on the scene and notified them that if they gave Cuba anything at all in the shape of a reduction on sugar they might expect a political earthquake in the States of Michigan, California and Nebraska when the Congressional elections occurred this fall. The Republican statesmen changed front and, as an excuse for not giving Cuba anything, for fear it might endanger the surplus, they go to work and bring in a bill to remove all the war revenue taxes in a lump. They are then haled to the White House, by the man who knows what he is there for, and told in the most emphatic language that they must give Cuba the concession asked for, that the Administration and the honor of the United States are pledged to it and that the pledge must and shall be carried out. Mr. Roosevelt also told them that they were carving too much off the war revenue taxes,

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THEOLOGY AND BOOK-BOOSTING.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

in view of the fact that they must give concessions to Cuba, and that they must restore the tax on beer, wine, etc., in order to make good. This put them "up against it good and hard." The beet-sugar people will take a fall out of them if they do the President's bidding, and, likewise, the beer people of the country. They see defeat staring them in the face and they have concluded to play all the politics they know. They will pass the whole thing up to the Senate and let the odium fall on that body for going back on the beer people and for bringing what the beet-sugar people call "ruin on their growing industry." They will pass the war revenue bill as it was introduced, let it go to the Senate and let that body restore the beer and wine taxes. They will, however, put off the passage of the bill for some time yet, hoping that the Senate will not get around to it before they can force an early adjournment of the session, thus leaving matters *in statu quo*, which they think will serve as an excuse when the campaign opens. They will try to play the same game as to Cuban reciprocity, but there are enough Administration Republicans to force them to action before the session closes. The low-tariff Republicans in the House are giving their brethren a few bad half-hours, also, by giving it out that they will introduce amendments to the Cuban reciprocity bill to take the tariff off all trust-made steel goods. The Democrats will here play some politics by offering an amendment to remove the same duty from refined sugar that is taken off the Cuban raw product. The Sugar Trust, unless that amendment carries, will receive all the benefit of the removal of the duty from the Cuban raw sugar. The Republicans will be compelled to support it, or else go on record as working in the interest of the Sugar Trust and not the Cubans.

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Bluffing Roosevelt

MESSRS. PAYNE, Grosvenor and Dalzell, the three "its" of the Republican majority of the House, have learned that one Theodore Roosevelt is not a four-flusher and that he cannot be bulldozed. Those excellent gentlemen called at the White House, the other day, with the intention of doing a little stunt in which they got tangled and met a frost. Ever since the beet-sugar people scared the House Republicans into the original intention of giving Cuba the stony stare on reciprocity, the New York *Tribune* has been lambasting the very life out of them for their failure to give Cuba what she had been promised. This was bitterly resented by the ruling triumvirate of the House and they concluded that they would put a stop to it, but they marched up the White House hill and they marched down again. As is well known, the New York *Tribune*, which has stepped on the toes of these gentlemen, is owned and edited by Whitelaw Reid, who, recently, was appointed one of the special envoys, from this Government, to attend the coronation of King Edward VII. These Statesmen who have been wounded by him protested to the President that inasmuch as Reid had received this distinction at the hands of the Administration, he ought not to jump on them with hob-nailed shoes. The President intimated that he was not responsible for the policy of the New York *Tribune*, whereupon these disgruntled gentlemen said to the President that when the bill came up appropriating money to defray the expenses of this special embassy there might be "something doing" in the House. They might just as well have expectorated in the President's eye, for that veiled threat brought the same results. He turned on them like a tiger. What he said to them cannot be repeated, for obvious reasons, but they were informed in vigorous language that Mr. Reid was not the choice of the President, but of Mr. McKinley, and that he had been appointed for that reason and that the appointment would stick. He also shoved under the nose of Mr. Grosvenor a fulsome endorsement of Reid, written by that gentleman a year or more ago. He then invited them to get out of the White House and not bother themselves to come again until they could discuss other matters. They left there with some new ideas under their hats concerning a certain President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, February 8th.

THEOLOGY AND BOOK-BOOSTING.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

HAVING "played" Prof. Pearson, of Northwestern University, as a star attraction, for some weeks, now the newspapers are beginning to accuse him of having worked them for about a million dollars' worth of free advertising. Shortly after his published pronouncement against the infallibility of the Bible, and the resultant scandal, came a front page scare-head announcing that Prof. Pearson, a leading member of the faculty of the foremost Methodist university, had written a book in which he "denied the divinity of Christ."

No book-booster could have contrived a better boom for the promised publication. It was heralded as a denial of the God-Man, a repudiation of all those Methodistical tenets founded upon the "inspired" writings of the Christian Church, a scoffing of miracles and a general assault upon the dogmas which Prof. Pearson had, theretofore, tacitly at least, accepted and outwardly practised. That story proclaiming the book in which he had denied the Christian Deity was no sooner printed than Pearson was accused of projecting it for the purpose of achieving an exalted celebrity as a progressive thinker whose remarkable beliefs would shortly be given to the world at so much per volume.

And yet it is not true that Prof. Pearson inspired or authorized the announcement of his sensational book. That was the work of an ingenious reporter who, knowing that the professor had submitted to a Chicago publisher manuscript of a book on theological topics, reasoned, *a priori*, that a man who had publicly declared the Biblical miracles to be myths must, perchance, carry out his argument to the extent of denying the divinity of the Nazarene whom the Bible credits with so many wonder-works. The exposé of Pearson's book was premature and unauthorized, but so nicely were the deductions made, so perfectly was the trend of his proposed book described by this analogous form of reasoning that Pearson himself was astounded.

At first he thought that the reporter must have had glimpses of his manuscript. He couldn't deny the accuracy of the statements about his book because they were true. He was chagrined, forestalled, dumfounded. He had plotted out some such sensational announcement for the future. But he wasn't ready to bring the faculty and trustees of the University about his ears. He intended to hold on to his job as Professor of literature till his celebrity would make sure his reception by the publishers. He had his little scheme of "working" the newspapers all figured out in advance intending to feed out sensational stories about himself till his book was ready for the final coup and his "reputation" was thoroughly fixed as that of a great dissenter. He has buncoed the newspapers out of more publicity than he is entitled to, as it is. The cataclysm has come, so far as his career as a Methodist teacher is concerned, but he has lost the chance to pose as a martyr to "progressive ideas."

Indeed, having admitted, or, rather, having failed to deny, responsibility for the infidelity attributed to him, he is much in the ugly attitude of the ungrateful bird which befools its own nest. He had quite a nest, you know, in the faculty of Northwestern University, yet, while fattening on the opportunities of his position, he was not only scoffing at its most sacred traditions, but actually trading in secret upon his scheme of final, sensational repudiation. Instead of first resigning his position and then frankly and quietly giving such reasons as might have been required of him, he remains entrenched in his chair, visits the cashier regularly for his salary and deliberately goes about his theatrical system of achieving notoriety.

It reminds me of Blanche Walsh's little scheme of suddenly announcing that she had turned Buddhist and inviting the reporters into her dim boudoir to see the red-lighted shrine, to smell the oriental incense of her "strange fetish-worship," as the press agent put it, and to let the world

know that she, at least, is no longer bound to the pretty paradoxes of Christianity. Pearson started out to be his own press-agent, but, as usual, the reporters beat him a few jumps at his own game and now, the chances are, the calculating professor will have to go to work at his chosen job of repudiating things, before the snow is done flying. Doubtless his book will be out this spring. Then a lecture tour, let's say; and then—what?

Of course he doesn't intend to stick to his original career as a professor of literature. The dignity of a professorship is not enhanced by cheap notoriety. The universities are not looking for men who will sit in their chairs and lecture to their students while underhandedly at war with every established sentiment and practice of the institution. So, it is fair to presume, Prof. Pearson is going to lecture to the larger world. And then what?

Who cares what he thinks about the Bible? When he escapes from the clean, if narrow, environment of his Methodist University he will find that his notions are not new in the big world. Does he think he has discovered a new and luminous path of reasoning? Does he think that mankind has had its ear to the ground listening for his coming? If so, he is one "dub." He has said nothing new; if he has done anything new, it lies in the unusual manner in which he has tricked and deluded the institution which he was hired to exalt and cherish. And even that is not so very new in a world of ingratitude and double dealing. It was not necessary for him to scandalize his church in order that he might honestly differ from its teachings. He could have taught literature without reference to the authenticity of the Bible, without slurs upon the divinity of Christ. Theology is not essential to literature. But if he felt within him the soul-cry for utterance of his religious "discovery," the least and the best he might have done would have been to resign.

Prof. Pearson is not as bad an example of hyper cultivated egotism as Prof. Herron, the celebrated recalcitrant of Grinnell College, but he belongs in the same class. Herron, having fallen in love with "an affinity" who had money and sympathy for him, drifted into anarchism so that he might furnish himself with intellectual apologies for repudiating his wife and children. Too cowardly to yield his position in the faculty of a noble Congregational college, he clung to it even while practising his "advanced theories" about sexual affinity; while his wife and children were borrowing eggs and coffee from neighbors, at home, he was gallivanting in Europe with the young woman whose "superior intellectuality" was lifting him onward and upward towards "his appointed mission." He got a lot of press notices when his distracted wife finally sued him for a divorce. And when the sorrowing members of the faculty which he had dishonored, when the shamed deacons of the church he had scandalized tried him and threw him out of their midst, he anticipated the proceedings by sending to the Associated Press and the leading newspapers of the United States more than two columns of self-estimate which reeked with slant-headed arrogance, narrow vanity and puerile guff about "his mission amongst men."

And how has he "made good" his self-condoning promises of giving the world new light? I heard him rant before a meeting of Socialists, in Chicago, a year after his "marriage" at Metuchen, and his talk was but a discordant jangle of the old, blatant anarchy of Emma Goldman, Herr Most and Lucy Parsons. "Mission?" Oh, rodents! This was the "news" that he was "divinely chosen to carry." It was for this that he thrust aside the loyal woman who read him through the blind days of his early college studies, who bore his children and toiled for him in the days of his poverty. It was for this that he spat upon the Christianity which had fed him and gave him what slight claim he had to be called wise or gentle.

I'm sick of these bone-headed recalcitrants who think they can give Jesus of Nazareth cards and spades and then show the world of men "a new light." I may be weak on theology but, frankly, I can't see what it has to do with book-advertising or wife-beating. Any old kind of Christianity is better than that.

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THE BOUNTY OF MILLIONAIRES.

ARE THEY GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE?

WHAT ought to be the attitude of sober-minded American citizens toward such a stupendous fact as a distribution of \$107,360,000 in gifts, by rich men, within a single year? This is the sum which, according to Dr. Rossiter Johnson, who keeps tab on such items for *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia*, was contributed by rich givers to various public interests, chiefly educational, during the calendar year 1901. And, according to the same authority, the total of such contributions, since 1893, is \$421,410,000.

It strengthens an optimistic faith in human nature to see rich men generous and sensitive to their obligations to the public. It is a good thing for this country and for mankind that private munificence chooses the highest objects for its bounty. Knowledge, education, scientific research—these help and ennoble the human race beyond most other agencies for good. So far, then, as the blessings of knowledge to them that receive it and the greater blessings of moral grace upon them that bestow knowledge are concerned, these vast donations must be regarded with approving gratitude.

But society and the moral order of the world are many-sided, and it may be well to look beyond the obvious goodness of generosity in its own essence, and of educational opportunities as such. It may be well to ask how it happens that, after only a hundred years of republican self-government, a people which had abolished class distinctions, and among whom there were no very great inequalities of wealth, has bred a group of multi-millionaires who can give such largesse as Old World princes never dreamed of, while at the same time, it has permitted the "masses," as we now have learned to call the great body of our citizens, to look upon gigantic fortunes and generous bequests as quite within the order of nature. It may be well, too, to ask whether, if all the best things of life are henceforth to be given by fabulously wealthy patrons to "masses" that once boasted of their independence, a nation whose affairs are so ordered can continue to be in spirit, although still in name, a republic?

Old World class distinctions were swept away in the stress of the American struggle for independence. And yet that barbaric institution of inequality, slavery, survived. And before men were aware of it the growth of a legally protected interest which denied the very postulates of liberty had become a gigantic power, which threatened to destroy every vestige of that creed and practice of freedom for which the fathers offered up their lives. Did the germs of other privileged inequalities survive that revolutionary storm? And have they, since the Civil War, grown with portentous rapidity, until they have become a masterful and ruthless power that threatens, as ominously as slavery did, to strangle all true independence and all liberty worthy of the name on the soil of their own chosen land?

To be still more specific: Can "we, the people" truthfully say that the gigantic fortunes of our bountiful millionaires could ever have been acquired if, in the creation of corporate privileges, and in the attempt to protect American industries against foreign competition, the principles of perfect equality of all citizens before the law had been observed? When Old World castes and ranks were destroyed, were inequalities of legal privileges wholly swept away? Is it true, has it ever been true, that, leaving natural opportunities out of consideration, all American citizens enjoy, or have enjoyed, equal opportunities so far as the law itself is concerned? And if not, has the ideal of the republic yet been realized? If not, and if that equality is never to be established, can any bounds be set to the portentous inequalities of fortune which have begun to appear in our population? Is he, after all, a true American citizen who merely shrugs his shoulders and says, "Ah, but we must not restrict individual enterprise?" Ages ago civilized men restricted individual enterprise to slay and rob. Within our own age the American people have restricted individual enterprise to make fortunes by the labor of chattel slaves. Would it be, then, so terrible a thing to restrict individual enterprise to make unheard-of riches by exploiting the inequalities of legal privilege?

Other questions of detail, too, there are, which the foregoing may suggest. What, in the long run, is the effect of continually accepting gifts and looking for "more?"

Does this habit strengthen the fiber of strenuous men? Are knowledge, cultivation, refinement, after all, greater than a self-respecting independence? Admitting that they are not inconsistent with independence, would an independent people be without them if the process of wealth-protection and distribution, instead of concentrating enormous fortunes in the hands of a few generous "magnates," to be by them bestowed in magnificent "gifts," tended to place comfortable fortunes in the hands of millions of substantially equal citizens, to be by them used, with a sense of responsibility, in promoting knowledge and in building up in the Republic an educational system, the very cornerstone of which should be the principle of manly, individual self-reliance?

From the New York Independent.

TEMPTATION.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

HE walks all shod in silken shoon,
Her face is set in sunny smiles,
Her voice is soft as love's low words,
Her eyes are full of luring wiles.
Her hand has a caressing touch,
Though light, it yet is firm and strong,
Her laugh is like a rippling brook,
Her tones the tones of tenderest song.

She goes before you like a sense
Of subtlest music, vague and sweet.
Her spell is in the earth, the air,
Pervades all space, rounded, complete.
Where'er you turn the charm remains,
Delicious languors chain the will—
She lures you on from dawn to dusk,
Your deepest dream can feel her thrill.

Unto the hidden cells of life
Pierces her witchery's magic power;
Your most elusive thought she reads,
Her wand divines your weakest hour.
She touches all responsive chords
Within your soul, where, still and deep,
They hold their music unsuspect,
In waveless calm, in tranced sleep.

Beneath the sorcery of her smiles
Go down the bulwarks of your will.
The slumbering flames within her eyes
Have power all struggling thought to still.
She holds you close as inmost thought
Within a clasp so light, so sweet,
That, snared in meshes soft as silk,
You yield, and fall before her feet.

Boston Transcript.

ABOUT "THE IMITATOR."

THE "Imitator" is a story of some fifty thousand words which is published anonymously. It is not evident why the author desired to screen his personality. It's not a problem story. It does not attack religion. It is not a satire. It perhaps delineates and, to an extent, caricatures certain members of New York's smart set. But that is no reason for denying its paternity. Perhaps it would be unkind to say that the author is ashamed of his work. Possibly he is some new man who is trying the ear of the public, and who intends to step from behind the scenes if the audience sufficiently applauds. Anyway, the author is a man and he is a young man. He is a man because the viewpoint is that of a man. The love plot preponderates on the side of the hero, *Orson Vane*, who loved *Jeannette Vanlie*; and not on the side of *Miss Vanlie*, who loved *Mr. Vane*. And then the dissection of the voluptuary, *Reginald Hart*, is a task that few women would undertake or could perform if they did undertake it. The writer is a young man and unmarried, because we find such ecstasies as this in the book:

"She had given him the tip of her fingers, her gown had swung perfume as it followed her."

"Plot of the most delicious danger."

"A haze of warmth covered the town like a kiss."

While the last chapter in which *Orson* and *Jeannette*

eventually and inevitably discover that it was decreed that they were for each other as far back as the Cambrian Age, is a perfect rapture of words as the author lingers over the color of her hair and her eyes and the odor of her garments. Very well!

The author has both culture and learning and evinces an ambition to excel. He is immature and, therefore, he will outgrow his faults. But, if we might presume to make a suggestion to the author, we suspect that he has been living in an atmosphere which is deadly to true art. It is an atmosphere that produces cleverness, and that kind of genius which shines with the garish luster of electricity. But it lacks life and vim and tone. It blinds the eyes of its devotees to the great world, the great facts and the great emotions. It is a little world within a great world; an artificial world, a microcosm conjured by necromancy. Its people are manikins who dress and pose, and who fall, at last, into merited oblivion. To live in this world, to write about it, except as Thackeray could have written about it, is to degenerate into an epicene and a cad.

Vicksburg American.

THE GIFT OF DEATH.

WHY DOCTORS MAY NOT KILL TO STOP SUFFERING.

IT is reported in the telegrams from the Continent that a Deputy in the Saxon Parliament recently introduced a bill permitting doctors to put patients, whose recovery was hopeless, to death at their own request. The bill was, of course, snuffed out with some promptitude, for the Saxons are not faddists; but the incident is very significant of the twentieth century.

Opinion for many years past has been softening or rotting on the subject of suicide, and especially of that form of the offence, suicide to avoid incurable physical suffering, which, in our secret sympathy with it, we term euthanasia. The feeling of civilized mankind has always been more or less divided on the subject, many Christians holding suicide to be only a form of murder, which it clearly is not, murder implying malignity; many more thinking that if the future life is certain the right of the soul to exchange its lodging is at all events maintainable; and the majority holding that, while manifestly an offence, the degree of the condemnation it deserves must depend almost wholly upon the attendant circumstances. The Curtius who leaps into the gulf to save his country, or even his family, is rarely sincerely condemned. Even this last opinion, charitable as it is, is ceasing to embody itself in law, and we are not aware of any State upon the continent in which attempt at suicide is now treated by magistrates as a crime. Even in England, where it was once regarded with abhorrence, and the corpse of the suicide refused burial in consecrated ground as something too deeply tainted for the forgiveness even of Christ, the same relaxation of opinion is apparent, though it is chiefly displayed in the illogical way natural to people when reluctant to condemn a theory in which, nevertheless, they have ceased to believe.

Juries will not pronounce suicide in any case justifiable homicide, but usually feign to believe that it is always the result of temporary insanity, and so, in fact, class it among the results of disease and not among acts which must necessarily be either approved or condemned. The verdict of *felo de se*—self-murder—is considered too harsh, and is reserved almost exclusively for the murderer who, to avoid justice, has executed sentence on himself.

Suicide still discredits a family, but rather as presumptive evidence of a mental lesion which may be hereditary than for any other reason; while as regards euthanasia sentiment is even more lenient or more weak. A feeling has sprung up that God cannot have intended the useless torture of any human being, and that accordingly to make death easy when it would be exquisitely painful must, at least for the sufferer himself, be justifiable. Why, it is said, should he endure agonies which can have only one end, and can, so far as human eye can discern, be of no profit, material or spiritual? They may even diminish, and no doubt occasionally do diminish, his capacity of faith in the mercy of God. The thesis is seldom maintained in print, though Mrs. Olyphant, who was a strong believer, openly defended it in "Carita" in cases of cancer; but it is believed by thousands who upon all other subjects agree with the

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teachers of Christianity, and argued over in almost every society intimate enough to touch such questions at all, the conclusion usually being, "I hope I may never be tempted."

We believe the present leniency of opinion upon the whole subject to be an error based upon a very natural recoil. The old judgment was too harsh. To confuse suicide with murder—always excepting the suicide which is intended to facilitate murder by making retribution in this world impossible—is to confuse all thinking about crime. The moving impulses, the condition of mind, the consequences to the offender are all different. The murderer is usually actuated either by malignity, or by greed, or by fear, or very frequently indeed, by a strange kind of wounded pride, and desire to prove that, however despised, he is not, as a source of terror, despicable. That, not jealousy, is the secret of half the murders of lovers by lovers of which the records of inquests are so full.

The suicide cannot feel malignity towards himself. He can gain nothing tangible by his own death. Pride is not in him, and the fear is fear of a condition, not of a person other than himself whose removal would smooth his path. His one governing impulse is flight, instant flight, final escape from a situation which he finds intolerable. It is not a cowardly flight from an enemy—the ancient world was, we fancy, more just about that than the modern one, which cries "Coward" after the suicide as the most convenient way of expressing disapproval—so much as flight before the irresistible, before an earthquake or a tornado. The true reason why that flight is wicked is, we conceive, that its impulse is mutiny, revolt against the will of the Most High. "That will is painful, harsh, unbearable, therefore I will not yield to it, but will escape finally and at once,"—that must be the governing thought of the sane suicide, and that thought is altogether evil. It does not matter that it is also irrational, for many irrational impulses are evil,—revenge, for example, is, nine times out of ten, irrational as well as bad. Nothing can justify rebellion against God, and if the impulse of the deliberate suicide is not rebellion, what is it?

And if suicide is morally indefensible, what is the case for euthanasia, except that the motive of flight, intolerance of pain, and especially of incurable pain, is one common to all humanity, and in some so powerful that although it may not wreck reason, it overwhelms the resisting power, the love of life, without which the human race would lose its greatest source at once of energy and of safety? The ultimate key to labor is love of life, and on that much of the coherence of society depends. Why guard with a thousand expensive precautions that which is valueless? As well place police to protect mushrooms. We can see no special argument for euthanasia, and regard the extreme tolerance with which the opinion for it is discussed as one of the many illogical results of the pity for pain which has become such a passion in our Western world.

Of the further step in the argument which the Saxon Deputy is said to have urged—viz., the law protecting the doctors if they arranged a euthanasia—we have no fear whatever. The world seldom makes mistakes when its self-protection is concerned, and to give such power to a whole profession would distinctly lessen its security. As a rule, with few exceptions, doctors are good people; but there are many of them, and some must be bad. To give all a legal right to administer poison on demand without responsibility would be to arm every profligate heir with a most dangerous weapon. Who is to tell, after death, whether the patient has consented to his own departure, or whether the last ray of hope had really disappeared? It would be bad enough if such things were suspected, as they would be by the suspicious; but the suspicion might be justified once, and that once would destroy a confidence which does much to diminish in households the miserable impact of disease. Every patient with wealth would ask himself if there could be any one with an interest in putting him away. Kings and great leaders of parties would have special reason for fear, and what the great apprehend the little soon believe to be a possibility, *vide* the whole history of the Middle Ages, when all who were great expected assassination, and all who were little, if the great died inconveniently, howled out charges of poison.

It is not well, for the sake of the class itself, to trust the power of life and death to any class which must of necessity exercise it in secret. It may be said that the power is trusted now, and so it is, but with the usual guarantees, and this additional one, that the rule of the profession is to

preserve life while they can. They have a right when suffering threatens life to risk life by the use of sedatives sufficient to prevent that threat, and no doubt occasionally the sedatives constitute a danger of their own—it is so in many cases of bad burns—but they act under the restraint of professional opinion, of relatives and of the law. To remove the last check would be to constitute doctors a separate caste with rights different from those of the rest of the community,—never a safe position. The immediate effect would be to create a new professional impression that their business was not so much to avert death as to secure pleasant death, euthanasia, and the question at what point it should be secured would admit of widely different interpretations.

The law is much better as it is, and would be even if the world were convinced that the incurable sufferer from an agonizing disease had a right to demand his own execution. He had no such right; but if he had, or if the world were arranged, as it apparently hopes one day to be arranged, with a single eye to its continuous comfort, it would still be wiser to maintain the rule that none, whatever their motives, may willfully take life. They may risk it, gravely risk it, for good reason, as is done every day in some operations, but to allow it to be taken deliberately, under full shelter of law, by one profession, is to give that profession, which needs every safeguard against callousness, a reason for callousness which, human nature being what it is, would soon begin to operate. The world, even if it ever accepts euthanasia as allowable, will prefer doctors whose respect for its life can be trusted, as now, under all circumstances.

From the London Spectator.

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LINCOLN.

BY EDWARD MARKHAM.

WHEN the Norn-mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.

She took the tried clay of the common road—
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries—
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth.
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light,
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came;
From prairie cabin up to capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength into every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame, and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

From Mr. Markham's Latest Book of Poems.

THE POTENCY OF A NAME.

BY S. O. HOWES.

HERE has been a mighty pother made over Mr. Henley's candidly expressed preference for the earlier Stevenson, and yet discerning ones have before this noted, not without disappointment, Stevenson's transformation into a Shorter Catechist. It was Henley's pre-eminence as a man of letters and his unassailable position as Stevenson's friend and patron that gave his words currency while smaller critics threw their stones into the pool of public opinion without causing so much as a ripple.

In a London *Saturday Review*, of last August, a writer in an unsigned criticism made out a clear case of the superiority of Stevenson the younger to the Shorter Catechist who tenanted his frail body in the later years of his life. The *Saturday Review* is widely read, and on this side of the Atlantic is, for most excellent reasons, cordially hated, but its criticism, though unquestionably sound, aroused no comment because it was anonymous. This earlier, but no less veracious statement, will bear quoting for the enlightenment of those who sit in darkness.

"It is owing to the touch of the ruffian in him that Villon got an essence into his verse that to-day not merely arouses our curiosity but actually—such is the effect of time on such work—smells sweet. Without that same touch of the blackguard there would simply have been no Verlaine at all. Why is Robert Louis Stevenson so rapidly shifting back into the lists of names mentioned only in text-books of English literature? Surely because nature halted in the carrying out of her first intention. In the beginning she proposed, undoubtedly, to hatch him out one of the tribe to which Verlaine and Villon belonged; but she grew timid and by adding that touch of 'the Shorter Catechist' spoiled all. Stevenson the vagrant, the irresponsible wanderer, the bedless beggar, the haunter of windy highways by day and of sordid town slums by night—such a Stevenson would certainly have given the world something which the world would have rejoiced to have and to keep forever. But Stevenson the honest man, the man of curious honor, the respecter of other people's goods, the lover of a comfortable home and a soft bed—this man, however preferable as a companion, quickly fell to be a writer of bourgeois books for bourgeois households and of moral essays that may be endured by few save the Scotch. He had a fine command of beautiful words and smooth-flowing sentences; but having, for the sake of ease, withdrawn from the fields where new things were to be observed, he never again found anything worth observing or telling. He himself well knew what his soul sought for and needed; but 'the Shorter Catechist' would not hear of a life of ups and downs. Not that we suppose every young writer would do well to plunge headlong into a career of loose, careless living. That has been sufficiently tried of late by young men, and with sufficiently disastrous results to warn everyone not to try the vagrant, irresponsible life unless it calls to him with an importunity not to be denied. It called to Stevenson, and he stuffed his ears with cotton-wool and put blinkers over his eyes. It called to Verlaine and Villon, and they followed and won their name and fame. It called imperatively to yet another, one Cervantes, and he also followed and also won name and fame."

And yet this same paper's comment upon Mr. Henley's now famous article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* was that it was "a case of literary leprosy."

The true office of a biographer is to present the man as he was, not an idealized simulacrum of him. There are reticences to be observed, it is true, for his province is not merely that of a photographer, but the character of the man written of must suffer no alteration, else the biographer rightly falls under the charge of recreancy to his trust. There were two Stevensons. Mr. Balfour succeeded in giving us only the latter and less human one, and he justly deserves the censure Mr. Henley visited upon him. Mr.

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Henley's quarrel was partly with Mr. Balfour for slurring over the earlier and more interesting portions of Stevenson's life, and partly with Stevenson himself for sterilizing his nature, and his right, as a staunch friend in a time of Stevenson's need, to criticise a friend's faults is unquestioned. The contention by the ignorant that Stevenson was Henley's patron is as ridiculous as it is false. As editor of *The Scots Observer* Henley first gave prominence to Stevenson's work. He was not sparing of criticism of Stevenson's work during his life and I see no good reason why death should have made him less frank. More of such criticism and less unreasoning adulation would be salutary, but, unfortunately, there are few who have Henley's hardihood.

A PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

BY INDRA.

"**O**N Monday there's the court—Nixon'll get two years, if not more; so that vengeful spirit will be tamed. Tuesday—take delivery of those sheep; and Wednesday, the dance at Morris'—to which I shan't go. Wonder why I don't hear from Eva? It's she that's keeping it up now, not me!"

For nearly an hour the thin spiral of smoke ascended from the bunk to the blackened rafters, then Morris' overseer turned his face to the wall and slept. The wind sighed and moaned through the she-oaks; two mopokes kept up a distant, lonely conversation; and down about the waterhole a restless little wagtail was jiggling and chattering around, as if it was noon instead of midnight. A moon-ray pierced through a crack in the slabs and played over the sleeper's face. The brow was puckered, then came a frown, and lastly, an expression of wistful longing, as the eyes opened and stared in a half-puzzled, half-vacant way, at the intruding ray. He slept and dreamed again . . .

The overseer usually "lay it in" on Sundays, but, when the sun rose next morning, the smoke was already ascending from the chimney of the slab hut. The inmate was whistling as he filled the billy and set it on the fire—a tangled, incoherent melody; pathetic, comic scraps of opera, coon-songs, all jangling one upon another. Now and then he stopped, with his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"I won't write till Wednesday! Why should I? Might get a letter this evening." The whistling went on. "It's five years since that Smith girl said 'I was under the whip,'

and twice I've 'cut my stick'—to the world's end, each time—only to crawl back again. Bet I'm not the only one, either! Why can't a fellow become indifferent? If she wasn't in that *accursed* hospital—don't believe I would care—at least, not so much! I'll write to-morrow, anyhow, just a casual, polite inquiry as to how she's getting on; and I'll ask if anything out of the common occurred on Saturday night or Sunday morning. Never did take any notice of dreams, but somehow, after last night, I feel every way but comfortable!"

A fragment from "Floradora" silenced the native songsters that hailed the spring sunshine. It broke off suddenly. "One thing is clear, if I wasn't still under the whip I wouldn't experience half-a-hundred different sensations mixed up with a chaotic nightmare which worries the soul out of me. Creditable kind of business—damned if it isn't—'nother man's wife! Anyhow, I'll write to-night—can't stand this uncertainty. Two minds to ride into Turrawong and send a wire—but that would be *too* strong. After all, it'll be nothing—*wish I hadn't quarrelled with her!* Curse my sensitiveness—and a fat lot she cares!" He strode out of the hut towards the creek for the usual morning plunge, so pre-occupied that he didn't notice the absence of canine joy which generally greeted him.

Stripped and plunged, he swam leisurely down the hole for about a hundred yards, breasted an old gum log, pulled himself up and sat down. Close by was a cattle-pad running down to the water. Something made him look up, and just where the pad went over the bank a tuft of dark hair caught his eye. Steadying himself, he rose, and with the help of a limb, reached the summit. His dog was lying across the track—dead.

This unexpected incident, for a time, rid his mind of thoughts concerning his woman friend. "That he didn't take one of our baits—I'll lay a hundred to one; and also, if Nixon wasn't fast in jail, I'd put it down to him, and forewarned is forearmed; but as it is, don't know what to think—things seem to be all at sixes and sevens!" And again his thoughts reverted to the old channel.

By the time he got back to the hut the fire was out and the billy dry; but he took no notice. Going to the table he alternately thought and wrote, then, throwing himself on his bunk, smoked. "Never met a woman quite like her—she's been pretty good to me, too. I needn't have cut up so rough about that trifle."

Arising, he tore up what he had written, went out,

caught and saddled a horse, rode to the gate, returned, re-entered the hut, wrote again, and went out. Two miles from the hut he came upon a road; dismounting, he walked up and down.

It was now late in the afternoon. A mailman rode up, gave him a telegram, and took his letter.

He choked back the disappointment—"That's all, I s'pose, Daley?"

"That's all, sir!" and, passing the time of day, gave a dig of the spurs. There was a snort, a fleck of foam, a cloud of dust, and the mailman vanished in the timber.

"Oh, well, I've written—can't do more! What's this uninteresting bit of business?"

"Sydney, Sunday.

"Mrs. Mackenzie died at 2 a.m. this morning. Asked to remember her to you and say good-bye."

"DORA EASTWOOD."

A long, long pause—A jackass laughing discordantly, while back in the scrub the scream of a curlew broke the gloomy silence. A deep groan—he wheeled his horse and rode slowly homeward.

Entering the hut, he looked round, his eye resting on a photo, over the bunk. He took it down gently and gazed a long while. "And asked to remember her to me. She couldn't say any more before them. I wonder would she if there had been no one but Dora Eastwood! H'm! it was her hospital, I b'lieve; and now I shall never know whether she cared two pins or not. Eva Mackenzie dead! They thought me a lonely man before, but while I could hear from her, and see her sometimes, and knew she thought of me, life was never lonely—but what's it going to be like now! This morning there seemed a choice between lunacy and indifference—a fine hope I had of being indifferent—but now" . . . He walked out on to the little verandah, and leaning against a pine post, gazed at the golden beauty of the west.

"She was fond of pretty sunsets!" A solitary tear trickled down his tanned cheek, and then, with a wistful bitterness—"Would to Heaven Nixon's vengeance would help me now!"

There was a sudden sharp crack; a filmy white wreath floated up from the edge of the scrub, and Morris' overseer, with one hand clutching his breast, fell back on the rough boards. "Thank God!" he whispered—and there was a smile on the bloody lips, and in the closing eyes, looking their last into the glittering amber of the west, a light which the glazing mist of death could not utterly subdue.

From the *Sidney Bulletin*

The Mirror

STATE POLITICS.

Governor Dockery is understood to be for De Armond for Senator, in spite of ex-Governor Stephens' assertions some months ago that his Winkship was in an alliance with Stone. Will Dockery declare for De Armond? Not much.

Mr. Dockery has a perfect State machine but he is holding it back in every county. He wants to see if something may not turn up to help him into the Senatorship.

With Champ Clark, Wallace, of Kansas City, and De Armond in the Senatorial race there is a chance for a deadlock. If there should be a deadlock there would be a good opportunity for Dockery's friends to push him forward as the man to break the deadlock.

How about the boom for H. Sam Priest for the Senatorship? That's dead. And the candidacy of David R. Francis? Francis withdrew in favor of Priest.

Francis is a candidate for a place on the Presidential ticket. His friends think that he's a Presidential possibility—don't laugh. He is quite seriously discussed in the East. If he can make the World's Fair a big success he will be a man of affairs.

He's got a pull too. He's rushing about the country all the time. He is constantly meeting the leading men in all the States, on World's Fair matters. He is in a position to make himself pleasant to them, and no one can beat D. R. F. at that. Also he has a chance to place friends of theirs in little jobs in connection with the World's Fair. That tells in time. Besides David Rowland Francis is pictured in all the newspapers, is having his speeches printed, is being interviewed everywhere he goes. It won't take much more of that sort of thing to make the people at large think he's a great big man. You just put it away in the back of your head that David R. Francis is coming to the front as a Presidential possibility.

But he will accept a nomination for the Vice Presidency, if he can do no better. He will not let any false modesty stand in his way. It is even said that Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, would look more kindly towards Francis on the ticket than any other gold man who could possibly be named.

I don't say Francis is working the World's Fair for his political ends—not at all. Other people may say that, if they believe it. All I will say is that D. R. F. is improving his opportunity to "get next" to the leaders, and is not overlooking any small bets in any part of the political lay-out.

My, but there will be lots of politics in this State in the next year or so. Speaking of the Senatorship, I understand that Mr. Kerens' enemies are trying to find another candidate in the event that the Republicans have a chance to win. I have heard it said that Charles F. Joy would not be averse to becoming a candidate if conditions were favorable, but the strongest man I have heard mentioned as a possible supplanter of Mr. Kerens is Col. Wells H. Blodgett, the brains of the Wabash railway system in the West. Blodgett is a wise man, is a likeable man, and could command red, white and blue money if he should want it for any purpose under the sun.

There are a lot of old codgers throughout the State, ex-confederates mostly, who think that there is such a good chance for the State to go Republican that they don't believe in taking any chances on it. They say that the only way to make the choice of a Republican for the Senate absolutely impossible is to make Senator Vest reconsider

his determination to withdraw from politics, and re-elect him by an appeal to the Bonnie Blue Flag. There is more in this than you'd think from a cursory glance. I wouldn't bet yet that George Vest will not succeed himself. That he will do so is a very lively hope in the hearts of men like Col. Griff Prather and Col. Harvey Salmon.

Dockery, as I say, has a splendid State machine, but he won't set it to working until the last moment and then he will come out for the man who can do him the most good—which will be the man who has the most strength.

Speaking of the Dockery machine I am reminded to say that the machine has about settled down to a determination to nominate Burgess and Fort for Supreme Judges. There is a third man to be elected. It looks as if Valliant, of St. Louis, will be the third man, but it is not yet a certainty. Valliant will have to carry St. Louis to win, and he has not yet made his peace with the men who can carry St. Louis.

The Dockery machine is pretty slick. Have you noticed that the St. Louis Grand Jury investigation is mostly resulting in indictments of Republicans? Just look over the names. Well, don't you see that the whole thing is being engineered to offset the results of the Cardwell case in which the State Central Committee was shown up as bleeding the corporations and selling legislation at Jefferson City? That may explain why Ed Butler isn't indicted, even though he has openly confessed his boodling performances. The St. Louis Grand Jury's most strenuous efforts are being directed against what the up State folks call "the Republican Dutch." The Republican faction fight is not over. Kerens and Akins are worse foes than ever. The President has turned Kerens down hard. The *Globe-Democrat* is sore because its *protege*, Boile, was bowled out of the Marshalship. Kerens and his friends are trying to clamber into the Roosevelt band wagon, but they are being pushed back. Kerens declared for Fairbanks for President shortly before McKinley was shot, and that shuts him out.

The great question is what the Populists and the Public Ownership parties will do. Just now the Republicans have got both to agree to stay in the fight and put tickets in the field. If they can be kept in the field and the Pop votes pulled away from the Democrats the Republicans may have a show to sweep the State by a comfortable majority. I don't know exactly, but I suspect that Col. W. H. Phelps is the man who is keeping the Populist and Public Ownership parties in the field and that he is doing it largely through the use of Mr. Kerens' money.

Both parties are in bad shape. Both parties are poorly led. Seibert is almost as much of a stiff as Akins. Dockery could lead, but he's too careful to act in a leaderlike way. The only man who has courage is Col. Phelps and he is pulling the strings in both parties so as to bring about a condition that will make him the dictator of the State no matter which party comes into power. It will be interesting to see him work out his problem of defeating Stone, for if he doesn't defeat Stone, Col. Phelps will have to retire from politics for good.

The Committeeman.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Following the
Dissolution of
Two Important
Competitors,
We have, in order
to meet the demands
of Our Increasing
Business,

Enlarged Our Store Space,
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Added an Up-to-Date Stationery
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And Nearly Doubled the Size of
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The luxury of Hot Water in any quantity night or day.

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The Second Version of Edward Fitzgerald's Translations from
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of Fitzgerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9 1/2 x 12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

VAN VECHTERN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wisconsin.

The Mirror

II

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. John E. Thomson sailed Feb. 8th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Orthwein are at Hot Springs Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Filley are at Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Ernest Peugnet has returned from a visit to Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Battle have gone to Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. S. S. Blackwell will leave next week for Hot Springs, Va.

The Cabanne Club has issued invitations for a ball on February 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan left last week for the Florida resorts.

Miss Amy Samuel is entertaining Miss Brayton, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Bascome have gone south to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Thomas Rodgers is recovered from the effects of her recent accident.

Misses Mildred and Grace Rohrer have gone to Old Mexico with their father.

Mrs. H. N. Spencer left last Thursday for South Carolina, to visit friends.

Miss Mary Latey and Miss Latey have returned from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. H. Stockton and Miss Annie Davies have gone to Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Elliott will pass the remainder of the winter in Florida.

Mrs. John Fowler entertained her friends with a dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Otto E. Forster is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Henry V. Lucas, of Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Tinker and Miss Carrie Tinker have gone to the Florida resorts.

Mrs. C. S. Heffern, of Cote Brilliant avenue, have gone to visit friends in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Reilly with their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Rae, have gone South.

Miss Nevins, who has been visiting Miss Frances Allison, returned to Boston last week.

Mrs. Meade C. Williams and Miss Sue Creighton Williams left, last week, for Citronelle, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Conroy gave an informal dance for Miss Nettie Hale last Friday evening.

Miss Ruth Spencer will return this week from a visit to Miss Carrie Burford, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Valle Reyburn is entertaining Miss Laura B. Linton and Miss Fannie Randolph, of Virginia.

Miss Mary Francis Boyce is visiting in Detroit, Mich. Later she will go to Ann Arbor for the Junior Prom.

Mrs. James Barker and Mrs. Lilly Oyler gave a whist luncheon on Tuesday afternoon at the Mercantile Club.

Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw, who has been visiting St. Louis friends, has returned to her home in Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Conroy, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, has returned to her home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond and their twin daughters, are among the St. Louisans at Palm Beach, Florida.

Miss Eloise Polk Ferris who has been the guest of Mrs. Mary Polk Wiun, has returned to her home in Louisiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nugent will entertain on Saturday evening, in honor of the ladies of the Literary Symposium.

Mr. and Mrs. Western Bascome left last week for Washington, D. C. Mrs. Bascome will attend the Convention of the D. A. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander F. Gray and their little daughters, Misses Blanche and Emmeline Gray, have gone to Palm Beach, Fla.

Mrs. Russell Harding, having returned from Little Rock, has now gone to Portland, Me., to visit her mother who will return with her.

Mrs. Ephron Catlin's ball last Friday was a beautiful affair. About two hundred and fifty guests were present, mostly young people.

Mrs. Ferd. P. Kaiser, will entertain, on Washington's birthday, with a six-hand euchre party, in honor of Mrs. P. J. Caie, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker have gone to California, for the remainder of the winter, accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Martha Pittman.

Miss Corinne Francis invited a number of her young girl friends to an informal tea, on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Emily Francis assisted in entertaining the guests.

Mrs. John Peniston Gruet, of Webster Groves, has sent out cards for a reception on Friday afternoon, February 21st, in honor of the debut of her daughter, is Miss Ruth Gruet.

Mrs. Harry Elliott Jr., of Washington Boulevard, gave an informal buffet luncheon on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Elliott was assisted by Mrs. Eckert. About one hundred ladies were present.

The Fortnightly Club, composed of the younger members of society, not yet been formally introduced, gave a Valentine Ball on Friday evening. Mrs. Will Barnett was one of the chaperones.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allyr Hudson gave a reception Friday evening, the 7th, in honor of their two daughters, Misses Marian and Elizabeth Hudson. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. D. D. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hoyt, Mrs. Dan Nugent, Miss Nugent, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Crouch, Miss Townsend, Messrs. McMillan, Briggs and Mullgardt.

The informal dance, first planned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulliken, came off at the Country Club, Monday evening, with the gentlemen dressed as farmers and the ladies in dainty cottons. Owing to a death in the family, Mr. and Mrs. Mulliken withdrew, and the affair was managed by Miss Marie Scanlan and Miss Florence West. The guests, all members of the Imperial and Cotillion sets, were chaperoned by Mrs. Scanlan and Mr. and Mrs. West.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Faust gave a dinner, on Saturday evening, in honor of David R. Francis, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Other guests were: Doctor and Mrs. Luedeking, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Teichman, Mayor Rolla Wells, Miss Carrie Cook, Edward Pretorius, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Mr. and Mrs. August A. Busch, Henry Nicolaus, Mrs. Hugo Reisinger, of New York; Mrs. A. D. Gianini and Miss Alma Holm.

Mrs. Ellen King, of Lindell boulevard, entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Richard Barrett won the first prize; Mrs. Bryson, second, and Mrs. George Von Schrader was awarded the guest prize. Among the club members present were Mesdames Hyster Clymer, Joseph D. Lucas, James Hunt Lucas, I. G. W. Steedman, Alexander DeMenil, Prentis Dana Cheney, Ferd P. Kaiser, Arthur Garesche, J. J. Mauntel, Richard Barrett, Charles Francis, James Garneau, Minerva Carr, R. K. Walker.

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To-morrow will be St. Valentine's Day and all the sighing swains will be cudgelling their brains for rhymes, and new phrases, in which to express the tender passion. Louise, with the first peep of dawn, will be found watching for the postman. But that which beats a valentine all to pieces is a pair of Swope's shoes. They always give satisfaction. They are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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BEAUTIES OF PROTECTION.

The Chicago Tribune thus denounces the rigid customs inspection of travelers' luggage at New York: "Delicate women, invalids, old men, and children are detained often from four to five hours, on a dock where there are no accommodations for them. They are not protected from the inclemency of the weather, nor or they even given chairs to sit on. There they await their turn with the inspector, and, when he comes, are subjected to mortifications and insults of every kind. Women see their wearing apparel tumbled out of their trunks and strewn about the dirty docks in an intentionally offensive manner. Rudeness, incivility, and inattentions are the order of the day. So far as Secretary Gage is responsible for these heathenish and barbaric custom-house methods, he is guilty of a grave fault, and one which many citizens of this country who have undergone the inquisition of some insolent inspector are by no means disposed to overlook. It is not right that travelers should be treated as if they were criminals, or were open to grave suspicion of criminality. Nowhere else is the traveler treated as he is at the New York custom-house. The American returning home from travel in foreign lands,



SOLID SILVER

Loving Cups

Suitable for Prizes in the New Game of "Ping Pong," now so much played in society —also for Euchre prizes and trophies of all kinds.

These cups are of Sterling Silver, most beautifully finished and are mounted on polished Ebony Pedestals. We have them at

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We engrave them with name, initial or inscription free of charge.

Mermod & Jaccard's,

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where he has been treated with civility by customs officials, whose inspections have been prompt and a mere matter of form, compared with those enforced in the United States custom-houses, feels his heart burn within him when he thinks of the ordeal that awaits him on his native strand. Then he is ready to admit that some things are better managed abroad."

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VALENTINE'S DAY.

Mille gravem telis, exhausta pene pharetra.
Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And wakened the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The two-penny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster,
Away with ye, visions of law,
Of cases I never shall master,
Of pleadings I never shall draw!
Away with ye, parchments and papers,
Red tapes, unread volumes, away!
It gives a fond lover the vapors
To see you on Valentine's Day.

I'll sit in my night-cap, like Hayley,
I'll sit with my arms crossed like Spain,
Till joys, which are vanishing daily,
Come back in their luster again:
Oh! shall I look over the waters,
Or shall I look over the way,
For the brightest and best of Earth's daughters,
To rhyme to, on Valentine's Day?

Shall I crown with my worship, for fame's sake,
Some goddess whom Fashion has starred,
Make puns on Miss Love and her name-sake,
Or pray for a pas with Brocard?

Shall I flirt, in romantic idea,
With Chester's adorable clay,
Or whisper in transport, "Si mea
Cum Vestris"—on Valentine's Day?

Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
Whom no one e'er saw, or may see,
A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,
An ad libit Anna Marie?

Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
Go mad for a G., or a J.,
Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,
And print it on Valentine's Day?

I think not of Laura the witty;
For, oh! she is married at York!

I sigh not for Rose of the City,
For oh! she is buried at Cork!

Adele has a braver and better

To say—what I never could say;
Louise cannot construe a letter
Of English, on Valentine's Day.

So perish the leaves in the arbor!

The tree is all bare in the blast;
Like a wreck that is drifting to harbor;

I come to thee, Lady, at last;

Where art thou, so lovely and lonely?

Though idle the lute and the lay,
The lute and the lay are thine only,

My fairest, on Valentine's Day.

For thee I have opened my Blackstone,
For thee I have shut up myself;

Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton,
And laid my short whisk on the shelf;

For thee I have sold my old sherry,
For thee I have burned my new play:

And I grow philosophical,—very!

Except upon Valentine's Day!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

•••••
Stops the Cough
and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

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Coming to the point—Mr. Grogan: "What a power o' funerals they do be havin' at the church these days. Shure, it's shtarted me thinking." Miss Casey: "Thinkin' af what?" Mr. Grogan: "That whin it come toime fur my funeral would ye be the widdy?"—Philadelphia Press.

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Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery, sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway, corner Locust.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to command itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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The Mirror

NEW BOOKS.

"Franks: Duellist" has to do with plottings and intrigues of French and English persons of the time just previous to the battle of Waterloo. *Franks*, by impersonating a certain Frenchman and by virtue of his own pleasing personality, wins the confidence of Napoleon and obtains valuable information regarding the Little Corporal's movements. The incidents of his voyage to and from London, his doings while in Paris and his love affair form the theme of the story. Every other person he meets, almost, he fights a duel with, but out of each he steps forth unharmed, victorious. In the end he marries the young lady who has been through a number of trials and adventures with him. The tale is not uninterestingly told. Some of the situations are strained, not to say impossible, but there are passages also which are well written. A delineation of Napoleon commands your attention, if for no other reason, because of its clarity and honest intent. (R. F. Fenno Company, publishers, New York.)

"Mark Everard," by Knox Magee, has for its setting the time of Charles II., the plot being evolved from the attempted abduction of the queen. *Mark Everard*, the detective employed to ferret out the case, is the hero of the story of impossible exploits, told in the braggart first person. There's a great deal of shooting, plotting and counterplotting, and if swashbuckling romance combined with detective work, is the style of literature admired, "Mark Everard" will prove wholly pleasing. (R. F. Fenno Company, publishers, New York.)

"Musings by Camp-fire and Wayside," by W. C. Gray, are at times the most interesting reading and again the most disappointing. In the initial musing, by "The Campfire," the author gives a delightful picture of camp life, and his reveries upon the close kinship of man and Mother Nature are in somewhat rhapsodic fashion at times. He knows certainly how to describe an autumn wood. His communings are almost prose poems. "Nature and the Supernatural," the second musing, is very effectively done. The description of the pines at night by smoldering, intermittent camp-fire blazes is deeply impressive. "Nature and Culture" is a thoughtful paper, even if it reveals nothing new. Culture invariably reveals the selfish or shows petty deceptions, while Nature without effort is all that culture vainly tries to be. Man compared with the forests, "barring his intellectuality, is but a sorry creature and more pitiable is he made to appear because of that intelligence, when it fails to grasp the simplest of Nature's laws. "Nature's Music, Art and Industry," "The Tragical in Nature" and "The Music of the Spheres" are all written in the same poetic, pleasing vein; it is not until the "Musings of the South" that discord begins. Here, in telling of the hospitality of the South, Mr. Gray could find no more fitting example than that of Booker T. Washington and his wife. His ideas of the educating of the negro and the solving of the race question are generous, but they are so to a degree that is sure to arouse Southern prejudice. He seems to incline favorably to something that the Southerner will think approximates social equality of blacks and whites. As if

to compensate for this, following are musings on Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden which reveal the author as a wit, but not of the greatest order, since all the jokes have been cracked on our "first parents" long ago. There are other stories, narrated in more or less entertaining manner, but those mentioned are more worthy of comment. (Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers, New York.)

Rosamond's and his friends adventures in the woods, on grandfather's farm and other places, as told in Cuyler Reynolds' "The Rosamond Tales," are a very pleasing record of childish experiences gilding the pill of prosy facts. (L. C. Page & Company, publishers, Boston.)

"The Millionaire Mystery," by Fergus Hume, is a conglomeration of black-mailing schemes, improbable and impossible happenings and worn-thread-bare stock situations. A book that has neither substance nor sequence. (F. M. Buckles & Company, publishers, New York.)

A BUGGY BOOSTER.

Mr. Russell E. Gardner, of the Banner Buggy Company, has recently issued a book, in large, circular form, containing illustrations of the various makes of buggies turned out by that establishment, with interesting reading matter pertaining to the mechanism of different sections of vehicles. The covers bear the flags of all nations, done in colors, with the Banner Buggy flag trademark in the center. The half-tone photogravure work, showing various departments in the factory and offices, with pictures of the employees is very handsome. This book is an unique souvenir of the greatest buggy business in the world, which earns such an enormous revenue that Mr. Gardner is always imploring his friends to tell him what he shall do with his money.

OOM PAUL IN EXILE.

The final scenes in the long and adventurous career of the ex-President of the South African Republic, now on the point of absorption in the British dominions, are being enacted at a little town named Hilversum, in Holland. According to the latest advices, his end cannot be very far off, and one of the most remarkable men of the last century will disappear forever from the stage of human affairs. Mr. Kruger inhabits a small, two-storied house, known as Casa Cara, similar in every way to the residence of the wealthy Dutch merchants, and of the usual type of country houses in Holland. There are grounds surrounding the building in which the President spends a good portion of each day.

Hilversum is a town of about 28,000 inhabitants, and is half an hour's ride by rail from Amsterdam. It is a favorite country residence of the Dutch, being very healthful and quiet. Oom Paul rises early, according to his lifelong custom, takes a cup of black coffee the first thing in the morning and when dressed repairs to the garden, where he remains, as a rule, till half-past nine. During this time he goes through his mail, which has previously been classified for him by his private secretary. He always takes with him on these occasions

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his two inseparable companions, a large pipe and a large, old-fashioned Bible with large metal clasps.

Although he knows the sacred books almost by heart, especially those of the Old Testament, and can always quote an appropriate passage from the Bible suitable for any given emergency, yet he, nevertheless, reads his Bible every day under the shade of a large tree in the pleasant grounds of the villa. At noon precisely, for Mr. Kruger is nothing if not methodical, he takes a cold luncheon with his party, which, as a rule, consists of his nephew, Mr. Eloff, who is also his private secretary, and Mr. van Boschooten, ex-Chief of the Transvaal Ministry; Messrs. Back van and Breedel, who are in attendance on the aged ex-President. His faithful servitor, Happe, and a Belgian physician, Dr. Heymans, always accompany him. The latter has forbidden him the use of any wine or liquors, his only drink being mineral water. After luncheon Mr. Kruger takes a siesta, which lasts till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He then goes for a drive in a carriage bearing the former arms and escutcheon of the Transvaal, and return to the house by 6 o'clock. It pleases the old man greatly to observe the general respect which he meets with from all classes of the public, and even the children strike up the Boer national anthem, which every one knows in Holland, as he passes by. He takes supper at half past 6, and retires invariably at 8 P. M.

His undaunted spirit does not appear to be crushed by the reverses which have overtaken his beloved country, and from time to time he observes, "We are strong as ever we were; we can continue this fight right along, and will never admit defeat;" brave, but ill-considered expressions from the lips of this most remarkable old man whose name will undoubtedly drift down to the remotest posterity.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Long Ago

BY MICHAEL FIELD

IN a letter from Robert Browning, which has just been printed, he asks: "Did you get a little book by Michael Field, 'Long Ago,' a number of poems written to *nestare* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?"

In speaking afterwards to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

—[*"Browning in Venice,"* by Katherine De Kay Bronson. *The Century Magazine*, February, 1902.

It may not be generally known that this volume is one of The Mosher Books, issued in The Bibelot Series in 1897, exquisitely printed in Italic type on Van Gelder handmade paper, of which a limited number still remain for sale.

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MUSIC.

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A composition by Ernest Richard Kroeger, performed for the first time, was the feature of special interest at the last Choral Symphony Concert. Mr. Kroeger's work, which he has named "Endymion" is described as an *Overture Pittoresque*, and, according to the accomodating programme book, is based upon several scenes taken from Keats' immortal poem. Without belonging to the Strauss-Tschaikowsky school of ultra-realism, it is characteristic and illuminative to a degree. The average listener, his imagination aided by the quotations of the poem inserted in the programme book, cannot but picture the scenes depicted in tone.

Mr. Kroeger's themes have grace and poetry, and are worked out in scholarly fashion.

There is no great depth or strength exhibited in this composition, and the pervading placid sweetness of theme and treatment is perilous to the wearing quality of the work, but then the subject prohibits depth, and the themes have undeniable beauty and originality, so that Mr. Kroeger may be said to have been entirely successful in his attempt to present the Keats poem in tone.

The principle impression one receives from this "Endymion" is one of delightful freshness, a woodland-and-water suggestion that is altogether charming.

Next in point of interest was the Tschaikowsky "Andante Cantabile" from a string quartet, played by the string orchestra. The composition, beautiful in itself, was most appreciatively performed.

The chorus sang a number by Eaton Fanning, and, with the assistance of Miss Electa Gifford, Gounod's "Gallia." The excellent work of the chorus we take as a matter of course. It has been uniformly good all during the season and the "St. Paul" performance which closes the society's year, in April, should be made memorable by the work of this conscientious, thoroughly drilled body.

The soloist, whose given name sounds like one usually bestowed on private cars, yachts, or other choice and special articles, did not "live up" to this implied superiority. Miss Gifford's voice is clear and strong enough to be effective in the Odeon Hall, but lacks qualities that are essential to making it interesting. The stupid "Mad Scene" from Thomas' "Hamlet" is only excusable when the many coloratura passages and fatuous cadenzas are perfectly executed, but in this case they did not have this saving grace. In the group of songs Miss Gifford indulged in pronunciation remarkable for originality. However, her stage presence is agreeable, and chorus and audience applauded her cordially.

The Sinding "Symphony in D" will be the novelty of the seventh concert. Jean Gerardy, 'cellist, will be the soloist.

A. C. W.

• • •

Miss Withers: "Are you a marrying man?"
He: "What do you take me for?" Miss Withers: "Oh, this is so sudden!"—Town Topics.

• • •

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COMMUNICATIONS.

"RED BILL".

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Old "Red Bill," of the Executive Committee of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, is still running things. He overrules all the foreign countries that say they can't be ready in time for the World's Fair in 1903. "We'll have a Fair without 'em," says "Red Bill." The President of the United States thinks that, perhaps, it would be advisable to postpone matters for a year. "What right has the President of the United States to think at all?" inquires "Red Bill." The Secretary of State is inclined to the opinion that the Fair would be a greater success if delayed. "The Secretary of State, eh," snorts "Red Bill," "let him incline till he falls over." A director suggests that his committee would like to have something to say about this or that subject in connection with his department. "You do, do you? Well just resign from the committee and the directory and say it. This thing goes and it will go over you if you don't subside," says "Red Bill." The man with an opinion has to beg pardon before expressing it in order to avoid being brutally called down and jumped upon before all his associates by "Red Bill." The man who has a candidate for any place in connection with the World's Fair has to shelve his candidate if "Red Bill" has one. "Red Bill" is all the mustard in every department of the Fair. He is such an example of the magnificent "bulldozer" that most of the World's Fair directors are thinking that he would be an excellent understudy for John L. Sullivan in the part of *Simon Legree* in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show at the Fair. There is always need for a masterful man in an enterprise as great as the World's Fair, but there is no necessity whatever for a tyrant such as "Red Bill" has become. He may be the president of the biggest bank in St. Louis and control more millions than anyone else in town. He may have been useful to the Fair project when everybody else lay down. But even such services as his can be dispensed with, and the next time he makes a bluff about resigning if anyone postpones the Fair, the bluff and the resignation should be promptly called. The Fair isn't "Red Bill's" Fair by any means. All the people have a stake in it. Though he were worth sixty million dollars and owned sixty banks he looks like a lead dime when he's stacked up against the whole people. "Red Bill" has this whole community scared until it trembles when he sneezes. But he's not such a much after all when we reflect that he meekly stood still and took the gaff when Col. Ed. Butler said the Charter Amendments, to forward the World's Fair, couldn't pass until he received his "fee." While one may gladly admit the value of the gentleman in question, within his limitations, it may, nevertheless, be insisted that the World's Fair management is suffering from too much "Red Bill."

Director.

MALAPROPSMS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In the current number of your paper I notice a clipping from the New York Sun, entitled "Mrs. Malaprop," on page 19. This reminds me of a conversation I had, in '93, on the Cunard S. S. *Lucania* with a Mrs. Malaprop. The family had "done Europe" and were returning to Leadville, Colo. By way of making talk I asked Mrs. M. one



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day about the climate of Leadville. She said she did not mind it much, only people are so apt to get "information of the lungs." Seeing my opportunity I said "They don't get it in the brain there, do they?" to which she replied "Oh! yes they do and then it's called pneumonia."

February 6, 1902.

G. B. K.

• • •

HER SEALSKIN.

At the close of a tea, in a house in the fashionable quarter of Philadelphia, relates the *Times*, one of the guests could find no trace of the new sealskin coat which she had worn that afternoon for the first time. When each of the late departures had donned her wrap there was still left a sealskin coat that was decidedly the worse for the wear. The hostess was profuse in her expressions of regret and her friend was obliged to temporarily accept the old coat in place of the new one. She proceeded to her furrier the next day to enlist his help in securing traces of the stolen mantle. The case seemed hopeless, until the furrier suddenly exclaimed: "I always sew the name of the customer on the inside of the lining of a sealskin coat before I send it out. Perhaps the man who made this one does the same." In a moment the lining

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was ripped open, and there, in the very place where he looked for it, was the name, written in indelible ink on a piece of tape, of—the lady who had given the tea!

• • •
Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

The Mirror

MISS BOB WHITE.

Willard Spenser writes the music that is mostly the music of the past, but it is pretty for all that, even if a little thin and of limited range. His "Miss Bob White" may not be great, musically, but it is distinctly pleasing. It doesn't excite raptures, but it makes you feel that this is a pretty nice sort of world after all. There are many agreeable numbers in it, numbers designed to appeal to simple, sane, clean taste. There are half a dozen scenes in it that are so unaffectedly appealing to the love we have for the commonplace thing, prettily presented, that it should run for as long as "The Old Homestead." Everything is in simple tone. There are no flourishes. The quail song, the fishing song, the quakeresses, song, the pan song, the cooks' trio, the rub-a-dub air are quaintly catchy. The general effects are all supremely good and almost everybody in the cast has a chance if not a great chance.

When you have said that the music is daintily pretty and somewhat conventional, you have not wholly damned it, for there is something over and above that to the melodies. That something is very restful after one has stood the recent siege of musical flippancy and trickery. There isn't the faintest suspicion of rag-time about the work, and, instead, there is a pleasantly mournful darky ditty that makes you hark back to the work of Stephen Foster. A tremendous audience at the Olympic, Monday night, in honor of Budd Mantz's benefit, enjoyed every minute of the performance.

How good it is!

There's not a coarse, nasty, smutty, suggestive, double-intent jest interpolated in the piece. There is a little slang, like "the bunch of hot wallop," but it is slang that doesn't carry into the theater the taint of the tough and the dive. There's no mockery of decency as old fogied. There's no cheap wit at the expense of simple folk. There's no vulgarity in evidence.

The two funny men, Carroll and Deshon, are really funny, without recourse to the crudities of the hoodlum, in their extravagances. Some of their fun is as simple as Humpty Dumptyism, as when the sheriff takes them away on a toy patrol wagon, but it is none the less effective for that reason. The temper of their humor is almost archaic, but it is such a relief from the terrible up-to-dateness of most comedians' fun, in these days. Their jokes have a good quality of not being cracked at the expense of anything or anybody deserving of respect. These comedians play the parts of two gentlemen disguised as tramps. They make good tramps, but they don't utterly abandon the gentleman.

And the girls. They act like girls, not like luring sirens. There is never once in the play a skirt lifted above the knees. The kicking these girls do is not calculated to make you blink for revelative possibilities. The girls are piquant, not abandoned to rampant variations upon the can-can. A man can look at their antics and manoeuvres without blushing for the lady beside him. One gets whole miles away from the coarse and flashy work that most of the recent musical comedies have flaunted in our faces, and infinitudes away from the suggestion of the sort of familiar woman that no one wants to know.

Then, too, the costumes are clean. This is a relief, for, in most of the recent girl shows here, the *lingerie* has been slatternly and soiled.

Miss Sylva does her little songs in an agreeable way. She isn't quite as limber as one might expect, but she is not ungraceful at that and her role, perhaps, does not call for such gyrations as necessitate daring exposures of sinuosities.

"Miss Bob White" up and down, all around, through and through is a neat, sweet, little musical and comedy concoction. Good women can honestly like it because they can appreciate the incidents with which it concerns itself. They don't have to pretend to appreciate daring approximations to fast life and to pretend not to understand tart allusions. Young girls can catch the flavor of the story without being ashamed of they know not what influence that emanates from the prevalent musical comedy. No one has to be a "tenderloiner" or a "rounder" to catch on to the jests.

Everybody who has felt a disgust at much of the recent stuff that has been given us in this line, should see and hear "Miss Bob White," if only to convince themselves that there is wit and nimbleness and tunefulness and beauty to be found in other atmospheres than that of the loafer and the "sport." "Miss Bob White" will make you feel, after some recent afflictions, as you feel when you take down "The Vicar of Wakefield" after a course in some of the contemporary problem novels.

The "Miss Bob White" company and Kellar, the magician, now playing at the Century, will combine in an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the families of the seven firemen crushed to death in a crumbling building on Chestnut street last week. The show will be given as a matinee Thursday, at the Olympic. The combination assures a thoroughly enjoyable and sufficiently variegated afternoon. The best and most catchy musical scenes of "Miss Bob White" will be rendered and Kellar will perform some of his most startling prestidigitatorial feats.

The Deadhead.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Germania theater stock company presented the comedy, "Nackte Kunst," Sunday evening, to a large audience. Wednesday evening "Ein Fallissement" was the offering. Next Sunday evening, February 16th, the comedy farce "Die Schoene Ungarin" will be the attraction. Mr. Heineman and Miss Bergere will essay the leading roles. Miss Louise Pellmann will be tendered a benefit Wednesday evening, February 19th, on which occasion "Das Zweite Gesicht" (The Second Face) will be given.

If the number of patrons can be regarded as any criterion of the attractiveness of a pleasure resort, then the Ice Palace, corner Cook and Channing avenues, must be the most popular place in town. The rink is engaged every Monday evening by people of the West End.

Neil Burgess, in the character of Abigail Prue, in "The County Fair," with his horses, cows and other farm-yard accessories, will appear at the Century Theater on Sunday evening, February 16th. Mr. Burgess and his play are too well known to need extended mention.

Gus and Max Rogers will make their appearance at the Olympic Theater, beginning Sunday evening, February 16th, in their musical farce, "The Rogers Brothers In Washington." The play is interspersed with a number of catchy melodies and is filled with amusing situations. The scenic effects are said to be exceptionally handsome.

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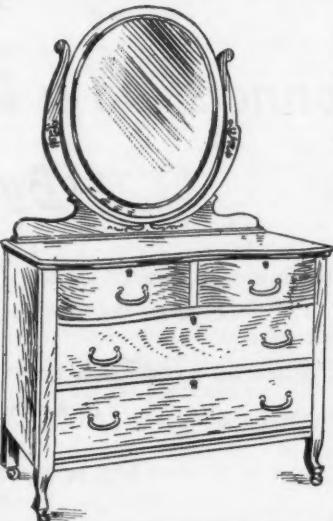
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THE BABY.

BY TOM MASSON.

A new baby weighs from five to ten pounds, and after the first week or ten days, if normal, gains one half a pound a week. It is not usual for it to have any hair on its head, but if it does, this resembles the back of a blonde caterpillar that has had hard luck. Its head is abnormally large compared with the size of its body, which gives it a grotesque appearance. Its eyes, always blue in color, are expressionless, and as they cannot be focused on any object, for some weeks, are meaningless to the observer. It has practically no nose, but what might not inaptly be termed only a malformation of that useful appendage. Its mouth is very large, and when wide open (which is not infrequent) extends to both ears. It displays no signs of intelligence up to two or three months, the false smile on its face, sometimes mistaken for conscious cheerfulness, being only the pathological symbol of colic. It reveals but one instinct—the lowest in the scale—that of hunger, and its cry is discordant and without any vibration of intelligence. The only known superiority it has to its owner is in the extreme flexibility of the upper, and the lower or ungual phalanges of the feet, inherited from its anthropoid ancestor.

Yet this little animal, the cause of sleepless nights and long vigils, of doctors' visits, of financial distress, and a source of almost endless anxiety, with nothing to recommend it to our sense of beauty or our intellectual sympathies, is the fond object of the adoration of millions.

It seems absurd.

And so easy is it to show how unreasonable is the love of the average parents for their babies, that I feel almost like apologizing for even briefly indicating their strange inconsistencies.

The only argument, of course, that could

possibly be advanced by the joint owners of a baby is that it appeals to their imagination. In itself it not only has no claims upon our admiration, but if it were possible to reduce it to the size of a beetle, and then examine it under a magnifying glass, it would not begin to compare in beauty and interest with that other complex being.

But because of its possibilities, the parents render up their homage. And what are these possibilities?

Since Washington, there have been twenty-four Presidents. During this interval, how many millions of American babies have been born, and what was the chance of each to become a President or a lady of the White House? But in these astronomical figures it is not necessary to be exact. Throw in all the members of the Cabinet and their wives, add a proportion of Senators (not Congressmen, however, for the sense of public duty is too strong ever to permit a parent to wish his offspring to be a Congressman), put in what millionaires and retired heroes there are and have been, and even then the chance of the average baby to achieve distinction is so remote as practically not to count.

It would seem as if imagination should not be dragged in to do duty in a case like this, if parents will but look around them at the evidence presented on every side. Here is Jones, clerking in a hardware store at twelve dollars a week—where he will probably end his days—yet, doubtless, he was once a Presidential possibility. Here is Miss Robinson, the third lady to the left in the comic opera chorus, once the darling of her mother's eyes—a future duchess. How many toboggans there are—from the cradle to the grave.

A baby is a being endowed with all the preponderating possibilities of mediocrity. If a boy, he will probably make more trouble than he is worth. His tendency will be to go from one extreme to the other; there is always the possibility that he will be away

nights, while the gas is burning superfluously in the front hall, smoke cigarettes, gamble, drink, acquire creditors, be a yellow journalist, land in jail, or, what is perhaps as bad in the long run, develop Y. M. C. A. tendencies. If a girl, she may become an authoress, marry a poor stick, go on the stage, or be an old maid full of whim-whams. And if either, there are whooping-cough, measles, diphtheria, smallpox and what not in store. The increasing number of operations for appendicitis is alone enough to make the baby quail, could he know the future.

The woman of society is apparently the only one who has solved this problem. With her powerful brain, so highly developed by constant afternoon teas, lawn parties, sociables, dinners and other functions, where she has the benefit of the intellectual stimulus of her own set, she undoubtedly perceives the truth. Should she be afflicted with such an incongruous and undesirable thing as a baby, it is promptly turned over to salaried functionaries, thus enabling her, undisturbed, to pursue her high ideals.—*From New York Life.*

• • •

A REFUND OF STREET CAR FARES

A bill has been introduced at Albany which requires street car companies to refund fares to passengers who ask for the return of their money when the cars for which they have been waiting are delayed for ten minutes or more. This appears to be a judicious and equitable measure. Too frequently people have been mulcted of the money which they have paid for fares when they get no satisfactory service for their outlay.—*New York Tribune.*

• • •

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

BRITISH SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

The historical and other "facts" given here are taken from schoolboys' examination papers.

Of whom was it said "He never smiled again?" William Rufus did this after he was shot by the arrow.

My favorite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

Alexander the Great was born in absence of his parents.

What followed the murder of Becket? Henry II. received whacks with a birch.

The principal products of Kent are Archbishops of Canterbury.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

Where were the Kings of England crowned? On their heads.

What were the three most important Feudal dues? Friendship, courtship, marriage.

What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham? Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries.

What is Milton's chief work? Milton wrote a sensible poem called the "Canterbury Tales."

Give the names of five Shakespearean plays. Macbeth, Mikado, Quo Vadis, San Toy, Sign of the Cross.

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.

A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist and the one who looks on the dull side is called a pianist.—*St. James Gazette.*

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Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

FACTS ABOUT PRINCE HENRY.

It is thought that no fitter person could have been entrusted, by Emperor William of Germany, the task of rendering popular sentiment in this country more cordial toward Germany than it has been since the early spring of 1898 than to Albert William Henry, Prince of Prussia, popularly known as Prince Henry.

The prince is nearly four years the Kaiser's junior, having been born on August 14th, 1862, in Potsdam, and hence his frequently repeated jocular remark. "Ich bin ein Potsdamer," the natives of that city enjoying a certain reputation for being "slow." He was at once destined for the naval career, to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, the first German admiral, Prince Adalbert, to whom the organization and spirit of the young German navy are in large measure due. His whole education was shaped accordingly. He learned, when yet a small boy, all the rougher and practical work of a sailor on the *Royal Louise*, a miniature war vessel of the older pattern, which was a present from England, and which sailed the Havel river, near Potsdam, climbing the yards and hauling in the shrouds of that craft in all sorts of weather and seasons. While of stronger and taller build than his brother, he always, even in boyhood, evinced an admiration for William, and readily conceded to him the leadership in all mental efforts and studies. His unfailing good humor and sunny disposition, together with the sincere affection and deference he bore his elder brother, explain, in large part, the close relations that exist between him and the Kaiser. A further bond between the two was Henry's saving the life of his brother while they were swimming in the Havel, near the so-called Marble palace, in the summer of 1874.

The Kaiser has, on many occasions, expressed himself in a way to show clearly the deep affection he feels for his younger brother, and Prince Henry reciprocates this to the full.

Prince Henry's love of the sea and his adventurous spirit were thoroughly gratified, when a youth, by several long cruises around the world. From the diary he then kept an interesting book was compiled, which has become one of the favorite books of travel with German youth. It was in 1884 that Prince Henry was appointed to the rank of lieutenant captain, and in 1892 he attained to the rank of captain at sea, and on September 15, 1895, that of rear admiral. He is heart and soul a sailor, and feels nowhere so comfortable as on the deck of his own vessel, with a fair breeze blowing and the blue ocean around. He is the inventor of several improvements in the internal mechanism of German warships. The most important of them is the introduction of a model of each ship on board of it. These models enable each officer to familiarize himself with each part of the vessel, its dimensions, etc., and they have been found so useful that, at the recommendation of the United States naval attaché, in Berlin, Commander Beebler, the American navy is now being equipped with this appliance. Prince Henry is also responsible for several improvements in the German naval uniforms and accoutrements and the peculiar shape of the German naval cap, the bend and shape of whose peak afford protection to the eyes against the glare of the sun and the water, is due to him.

Prince Henry's ambition is wholly and entirely confined to the navy. He, even

more ardently and patiently than the Kaiser, hopes to see Germany become the second sea power in the world, and it is, in fact, in good measure due to him that the Kaiser, for the last ten years, has made this desire and hope one of the chief parts of his programme as a ruler. In this one line, and necessarily in all that indirectly will follow, Germany's evolution as a great naval power, Prince Henry exerts enormous influence in German public life, and the naval legislation there, of late years, bears in many respects the impress of his thoughts and convictions. On that pedestal, too, rests Prince Henry's weight as a factor in the empire. At one of the few banquets he attended since his return from China, in Kiel, not many months ago, he came as near making a speech as he probably ever will, because some of the remarks he heard had stirred him. He said in substance on this occasion that recent events had shown that the old German sea spirit, the spirit which had made the Hansa for a number of centuries a world power, had come to life again after being buried for many years, and that if God was good to Germany the days of great sea power were again close at hand.

Prince Henry was married on June 24, 1888, to Princess Irene of Hesse, sister of the present Grand Duke, and, like himself, a grandchild of the late Queen Victoria. Her younger sister, formerly the Princess Alix of Hesse, is now the wife of the Czar, and the good relations between that autocrat and the Kaiser, despite occasional misunderstandings, certainly do not suffer by reason of this relationship with the Kaiser's brother and sister-in-law. They have three sons—Valdemar, Sigismund and Henry—all three handsome and high-spirited boys. The intimate family language is English.

A number of most charming traits which distinguish Prince Henry as a man have come to him through the home education of his English mother and through the equally sympathetic influences of his German soldier father. He resembles his father in the simplicity, kindliness and manly frankness of his nature.

One of his chief characteristics is the entire absence of all affectation and showiness. It is this more than any other single trait which has endeared him to the German people, and has made him the idol of the German navy. He is fond of every kind of sport, and he likes to meet fellow sportsmen, whenever circumstances permit, on even terms. He is fleet of foot, and likes a good race. He is a fair shot, an excellent swimmer, and first class oarsman and yachtsman. He expressed regret at his inability to be present at Sir Thomas Lipton's attempts to "lift" the *America's* cup last September. Aquatic sports, above all, delight him, and he hopes to see at Kiel, next summer, a hotly contested regatta, in which the best yachting blood of England, Germany and America will be represented. When ashore he is a devoted bicycle rider, being enrolled a member of the German National Association, and when at Kiel, at Wolfsburg, the county seat of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, or at Friedrichshof, he undertakes daily excursions on his wheel, often as far as Wiesbaden or Frankfort-on-the-Main, and many stories are current in that vicinity of his riding in good fellowship with other wheelmen met on the road, and of having tinkered his own wheel by the wayside or helped out some one in distress. In short, he is regarded as about as unspoiled and whole-souled a specimen of royalty as exists in the whole of Europe.

—New York Tribune.

The Mirror

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SMOKELESS CITIES OF FUTURE.

Not the least interesting feature of the St. Louis exposition of 1903 will be the attempt to show the country how easily smoke may be dispensed with when soft coal is used. The managers intend that in the generation of the 20,000 or 25,000-horse-power which they will require, coal shall be so burned as to emit no visible fumes. Furthermore, they will urge all railway companies running trains to the grounds to affix smoke-compressing devices to their locomotives. This policy has been adopted at the instigation of a local nuisance abating society, and there is much reason for faith in its feasibility. In fact, both on railways and in stationary power plants it has of late been repeatedly demonstrated that the evil in question can be overcome by careful stoking, and without the use of special appliances to promote combustion.

Nevertheless, conservatism is ingrained in the human mind. The majority of the consumers of soft coal are incredulous. And it will take time and trouble to convince them. Hence the *American Machinist* remarks that if the St. Louis plan can be carried out strictly, "a service will be rendered to the country greater than such exhibitions are usually credited with. And the lesson is particularly needed in the West, which is unable to obtain anthracite except at prohibitive prices.

But there is another way to free a large community from smoke. All the power required for factories and the operation of street railways might be developed at a central station outside the city limits and be transmitted to consumers in the form of electricity. One of the great improvements of the age is toward the employment of electric motors to drive machinery of all kinds, in order to get rid of belts and shafting, and thus to save both space and power. Another advantage of the system is that the power may be conveniently brought from distant places where circumstances favor its cheap development, like Niagara or the slopes of the Sierra. Some of the electricity which San Francisco now uses is generated in the Yuba valley, more than two hundred miles away. But all the streams in this country together are not sufficient to generate a tenth of the power actually needed. Hence fuel is an absolute necessity. It is not essential, though, that it should be burned at the precise spot where its output of energy is utilized.

When small consumers of power obtain it, like gas, water or current for lighting and driving electric fans, from a big producer, it should be much less expensive than when developed on the premises. Power costs less when generated on a large scale than on a small one. The coal consumed for the most economical marine engines is scarcely more than one pound a horse-power. A twenty-horse power engine in a back street machine shop would want anywhere from five to eight. And inasmuch as real estate is cheaper in the suburbs than in town, the company which operated a great power plant would doubtless find it desirable to select a site five or ten miles from the heart of the city to which it ministered. And if it did not go there voluntarily, and there was any doubt on the score of smoke, then exclusion should be effected by prohibitive local ordinances.—*New York Tribune*.

•••••

Never too young—*The Child's Father*: "Doctor, don't you think that baby is too young to submit to an operation?" *The Doctor*: "My dear sir, you can't begin too soon."—*Life*.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet, or whether we part,
(For our ways are past our knowing)
A pledge from the heart to the fellow-heart
On the ways we all are going.
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.
We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled
for,
We have won the prize that was fated,
We have met our loss with a smile and a
song,
And our gains with a wink and a whis-
tle—
For whether we're right or whether we're
wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck!
And a drop to wet your whistle.
Whether we win or whether we lose,
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose,
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under,
And whether we're wrong or whether we're
right,
We win, sometimes to our wonder,
Here's luck!
That we may not yet go under.
With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the days together,
But we're clasping hands at the cross-roads
now,
In the fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed, or whether we
smile,
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile,
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And cheer for the dark before us!
You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it may be well for a day and a night,
And it may be well forever.
But whether we live, or whether we die,
(For the end is past our knowing)
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

—Richard Hovey.

•••••

A KISS.

They were both young. She was 24, he 26. They had met and admired each other in a strictly Platonic fashion for some considerable time, and had now arrived at that state of evolution which is not Platonism. But neither would admit it. He had asked for a kiss in a voice which trembled with—Platonism.

"But, you know, the Platonics do not allow of that. You are departing from your creed."

"Purely a—er—passionless, brother one," he urged.

"But what an absurd request! You are neither in love, nor are you sentimental—and—and—I am not. And really it is very silly. Cannot we do as you suggested—admire each other in a coldly, critical fashion? Was it not you who said 'Fall in love and all your admiration for a woman vanishes after a

few weeks of vapid, love-sick intercourse and inane sentimentality?'

He was silent. "You know," he argued, "it is only an experiment—just to see, in fact," he added, daringly, "whether it is Platonism."

"I'm sure it is on my part, at least. I do not wish to verify it in that way. You have heard, perhaps, that I have a heart of similar durability and hardness to these diamonds," which were glinting on a palpitating breast.

"Suppose," said he, "suppose they were paste."

"Suppose they were?" she replied, composedly.

"They would be"—he hesitated—"very soft—"

"Perhaps, when one pierced the artificial crust," she finished, demurely.

"But, dear, what is this 'artificial crust'?"

"It is . . . shall we call it Platonism?"

He gazed at the exasperatingly averted head. "May I?" he asked, tremulously.

She blushed—"and pl . . . Oh, d—!"

"Thanks, dear," he ended.

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The Mirror

MRS. PAT'S MAETERLINCK TEA.

There was a field day for the long-haired contingent at the Victoria the other afternoon. Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" was announced for production by Mrs. Campbell, and by 2 o'clock, with the exception of the Seven Sutherlands, whose business engagements prevented them from attending, there was not a long-haired crank of either sex who hadn't paid \$3 for a seat and made his or her way into the theater. The big audience had hurried to the theater promptly so that they should not miss a single word of the dialogue or a bar of the incidental music. But once inside, they had a three-quarters of an hour wait for their pains. Mrs. Campbell, without making any previous announcement, had concluded not to begin the play until 3 o'clock. Mr. Hammerstein's beautiful foyer never held so many people before. Not a soul went to his seat. Cranks, symbolists, Isbenites, tuft-hunters, society-rooters and Campbell enthusiasts stood about in the foyer exchanging their views. Suddenly, at a quarter of three, Mrs. Campbell decided that she would not wait until 3 o'clock to begin. Curtains were suddenly dropped about the outer edge of the auditorium, and every light in the house was turned off. The big audience, coupons in hand, were left to find their seats as best they might. Women tripped over the steps and barked their shins against the edges of the seats in a mad effort to find where they were at; men groped and stumbled down the aisles and caromed into each other at every turn. The ushers in the darkness were utterly at sea and those who finally fought, pushed and groped their way into the seat which they had paid \$3 for, considered themselves in great luck. Eventually, after there wasn't a whole skin left in the audience, the lights were turned up sufficiently for a few late comers to find their way down the aisles, and as the long-deferred dawn came, a ribald man, who was evidently no symbolist, hummed softly, "Good morning, Carrie; how d'y do this morning?" Then came the incidental music—was it the accidental? All the music lovers said "Hush! Hush!" at once and settled back in their seats with half-closed eyes. The music evidently must have been very, very fine; it sounded so awful that there could be no doubt about it. Then the curtain rose on a scene which showed a wide meadow with a few trees scattered in the distance. "Mrs. Pat" in the foreground was looking into a well, and when her lover, that was to be, found her there he announced that he was completely lost in the deep wood. "Mrs. Pat" kept repeating "I am not happy," and to judge from the faces of some of the audience one might have inferred that there were others in the same predicament. The play was in five acts and twelve scenes, and as each scene lasted about four minutes and the curtain remained down for almost six, the audience, or at least that large portion of it which was not enthralled by the accidental music, had plenty of time to discuss their own affairs. Somehow or other the news that Mrs. Campbell was to give a tea on the stage to 150 picked guests had created a good deal of consternation among the 500 uninvited women in the audience. "Has Mrs. Pat asked you to her tea?" was the cry which could be heard on every side high above the strains of the Maeterlinck intermezzos. "No," replied one woman with a strong Western accent, in row J, "she hasn't, and considering the way I've rooted for that

woman ever since she came here I think it perfectly disgraceful of her. Why, I've simply taken my friends by the back of the neck and made them go to see her. You see, she brought me letters from Chicago, and ever since Bishop Potter praised Mrs. Campbell in that speech he made in Philadelphia the other day, I knew I was doing perfectly right. Of course I knew that she was a great actress before that, because when she was in Chicago she lunched with Mrs. Potter Palmer twice. Why, my dear, I've even made enemies on her account. I made a gentleman friend of mine buy four seats for 'Beyond Human Power' the other day, and afterward he wrote and said he would never forgive me. He said the play was misnamed; it ought to have been called 'Beyond Human Endurance.'"

"But you see, my dear," explained her friend, "Mrs. Pat had to be very careful about this tea. She couldn't invite everybody and she didn't want to have it at all mixed—"

"Well, you got an invitation, didn't you?" snapped the irate one, with a fine bristle of indignation.

"Yes, my dear, I did," was the reply, "But you must remember that I know Mrs. Campbell very well. Besides, she borrowed the visiting list of one of the very first women in New York and picked her guests entirely from among this lady's friends. Look at the women who are receiving with her. You couldn't expect every woman whose name is in the 'Social Register' to be invited to meet them, you know." At this point a pallid young man turned on the two women and remarked, "Would you kindly speak in a lower key? I am trying to drink in this music." This play of Maeterlinck's would be a very expensive affair to send by telegraph, as nearly every word of its dialogue is repeated at least twice. It is the worst case of "ditto-ditto" we ever encountered. To be sure, its plot is the old legend of "Paolo and Francesca" thinly disguised, although, as Maeterlinck has written it, there is a good deal of difficulty in ascertaining what it was all about. The nature of one scene, however, was perfectly clear; and nothing nastier has ever been shown on an American stage. The jealous husband, full of suspicions, ascertains that his wife and his brother are together in her bedroom. Evidently there were "rubbernecks" even in those days, for Goland, calling his five-year-old, holds him up to the bedroom window and bids him tell in detail exactly what his stepmamma and uncle were about. The child showed keen powers of observation, and on this youngster's evidence Goland could easily have got a divorce right on the premises, without proceeding to South Dakota. The Maeterlinckers, of course, declared that there was nothing in this because the whole play was symbolic; but there was not a mother's son of them who could tell of what it was a symbol.

The scene that aroused the most amusement, however—and long before the play was done three-quarters of the audience was giggling openly—was that touching episode in which poor Palleas had to kiss and try to eat half a yard of Mrs. Pat's hair. As Melisande Mrs. Pat let her hair hang down from her bedroom window (it was still on her head though, not out a-drying, although she looked as if she had been having a delicious shampoo,) and Pelleas, standing on tiptoe, reaches up and kisses it rapturously, remarking at the same time most ungallantly: "Ah, see, it seems all alive!"

Even the Maeterlinckers [couldn't] quite



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stand that line. Herr Meltzer bowed his head to hide his titter, and a distinct smile was seen to ripple the surface of Mr. Carman's back hair. As for Mrs. Campbell's performance she looked very lovely and acted with all the intensity of a stained-glass window. Outside of her gowns, which were charmingly artistic, the entire production must have cost at least \$1.11. There was a cave scene which bore a remarkably strong resemblance to a canvas grotto which Mr. James O'Neill is using in "Monte Cristo" at the Grand Opera House this week. It was not to be expected that at \$3 a seat Mrs. Campbell's management could attempt anything in the way of a production, and the audience therefore stood for the scenic makeshift most magnanimously. One detail, however, acted as the last straw. When, after tiring of masticating Mrs. Pat's hair, poor Mr. Herbert Waring tied it to a fir tree, which had grown brown in service as a Christmas tree, and remarked, "I will tie your hair to this willow"—that portion of the audience which had not been invited to the tea forgot all about the proprieties and roared. Altogether, even without the tea, the audience voted Mrs. Campbell's latest production an awfully lovely party—though a little dear at the price. The tea itself proved an even greater success than the play. Although Mrs. Campbell is the first actress to give this form of entertainment in New York the custom has been in vogue for some years in Williamsburg. At Corse Payton's Theatre, where two performances are given every day, Miss Etta Reed, the leading lady, entertains the entire audience at tea on the stage every Wednesday afternoon. Only in Williamsburg the methods are more catholic. Each person in the audience can have at least two cups if he like, and every real lady in addition gets one of Miss Reed's photographs.—*New York Evening Sun.*

* * *

"IT'S MORGAN'S."

I came to a mill by the river side,
A half-mile long and nearly as wide,
With a forest of stacks and an army of men
Toiling at furnace and shovel and pen.
"What a magnificent plant!" I cried,
And a man with a smudge on his face replied,
"It's Morgan's."

I entered a train and rode all day
On a regal coach and a right of way
Which reached its arms all over the land
In a system too large to understand.
"A splendid property this!" I cried,
And a man with a plate on his hat replied,
"It's Morgan's."

I sailed on a great ship, trim and true,
From pennant to keel and cabin to crew,
And the ship was one of a monster fleet;
A first-class navy could scarce compete.
"What a beautiful craft she is!" I cried,
And a man with akimbo legs replied,
"It's Morgan's."

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride,
Her people were many, her lands were wide;
Her record in war and science and art
Proved greatness of muscle and mind and
heart,
"What a grand old country it is!" I cried,
And a man with his chest in the air replied,
"It's Morgan's."

I went to heaven. The jasper walls
Towered high and wide, and the golden halls
Shone bright beyond. But a strange new
mark
Was over the gate—viz., "Private Park,"
And a saint with livery on replied,
"It's Morgan's."

I went to the only place left. "I'll take
A chance upon the brimstone lake,
Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit
On the griddle floor of the bottomless pit."
But a leering lout with horns on his face
Cried out, as he forked me off the place,
"It's Morgan's."

—Anon.

* * *

In France, a process has been discovered by which garbage is converted into briquettes. It consists of mincing the refuse from abattoirs, fish markets, etc., straw, paper, and the like, and adding tar and naphthalene. The whole mass is then mixed in a kneading apparatus, dried and pressed into briquettes. The director of the Paris municipal laboratory says: "These briquettes have a slight odor of gas, burn brightly, and engender heat slowly. With a more highly perfected method of manufacture they will engender less ash and the heat-producing qualities will be about the same as those of common coal. They will also possess the advantage of burning slowly and developing no smoke."

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On Tuesday morning of each week he will personally conduct the excursion, which leaves Union Station, St. Louis, at 9:00 o'clock. The Pullman tourist cars will be under his direct supervision. He will cheerfully give any information desired, point out places and objects of interest along the line, and see that the wants and comforts of passengers are strictly and promptly attended to. Mr. Boyd has had years of experience in this matter, and is thoroughly familiar with all the details that tend to make traveling a pastime and a pleasure. He has at his command an able and efficient porter whose sole duty it is to be polite and attentive to the passengers. He will especially look after the wants of ladies and children.

This tourist car arrives at Kansas City the same evening, and at Pueblo, the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railway, at noon on Wednesdays. Here it passes over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction, Colo., where it is taken up by the Rio Grande Western Railway for Salt Lake

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The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

Determined, concentrated work on the part of bull leaders has resulted in a moderate advance in nearly every active stock on the list. Owing to the fact that holdings are in the hands of syndicates, the bidding-up process met with little opposition. The bears refrained from extensive operations, well recognizing the trend of affairs. They are willing to give the bulls all the rope they want. They also know that, for the time being, things are more in favor of their antagonists than they have been for some time past. Money is easy and expected to remain so for a few weeks longer, at least. The general business situation is decidedly good, and railway earnings continue in excess of the record of last year, although gains are constantly growing less marked. Bank clearances are slowly receding. According to Bradstreet's report of last week, the country's clearances were slightly below those of last year for the corresponding week. But this decrease is probably to be explained by the marked falling off in speculative activity, especially in Wall street. The reporting cities, outside of New York, are still sending in reports of expanding clearances.

Gold shipments, last week, reached a total of almost \$5,000,000, and it is believed that further shipments will soon be made. Sterling exchange is decidedly firm, and corn and cotton exports are very small. Wheat exports are also rather disappointing. Any further large shipments of gold would, undoubtedly, produce a firmer money market, but will hardly interfere with bull manipulation until the coveted object has been attained. When they want stocks to go up, little attention is paid to the unfavorable factors. Bad things are minimized and good things maximized. In a bear market, the reverse is the rule. A good impression has been created by the reduction in the Bank of England rate to 3 per cent. Money is getting decidedly abundant in Europe, and signs of industrial and commercial revival over there are still in evidence. Besides this, the belief is strong that the South African *impasse* will soon be a thing of the past, and that peace negotiations may be announced any day.

Less importance is now being attached to the forthcoming decision in the Northern Securities case. The Supreme Court will decide the matter of jurisdiction on the 24th inst. Wall street has made up its mind that the State of Minnesota will "lose out" in the matter and that the Morgan plans will not be jeopardized. There are a few who are skeptical and advise caution, but they are hooted down. Optimism is again the fashion; nothing goes but bull talk. Even if the decision of the court should be against the company, it is argued by bull leaders that the suit will be hanging fire for a long time and thus slowly lose its potency as a market factor. This sort of optimism will prevail until the burdens carried by the cliques have been materially reduced or shifted altogether unto the shoulders of the public.

Last Saturday's bank statement disclosed another enormous expansion in loans. The gain in this item was the second largest in the history of the clearing-house, as it amounted to almost \$29,000,000. Various explanations are offered, the most plausible being that trust company loans have been assumed by the banks. It is also suggested that loans contracted abroad last year, during the consolidation excitement, are

being renewed. A third explanatory theory is that some more "deals" are pending and will soon be announced. As a result of the expansion in the past four weeks, loans have risen almost \$55,000,000, and surplus reserves have been cut down to about \$18,000,000, the smallest on record, for this time of the year, since 1893.

St. Paul was one of the leaders in the last few days. The stock rose to 168, and there is every probability that it will soon be selling above 170 again. It sold at 188 before the Northern Pacific collapse of last May. It is paying 6 per cent., but some of its stanch friends believe that, at the meeting of the directors next month, the rate will be raised to 3½, or 7 per cent. per annum. The earnings of the company would justify such an increase, undoubtedly. Compared with Rock Island, New York Central and Chicago & Northwestern common, St. Paul is certainly a cheap proposition. It should also be borne in mind that the controlling interest in the property refused to sell, in the spring of 1901, at the highly advantageous price offered by the Morgan-Hill crowd. It is well known that that price was 200, or close to it. The same syndicate afterwards bought the Burlington, at the fixed price of 200, and the Burlington is not worth as much as the St. Paul road.

Southern Pacific has experienced another sharp rise. It is now selling at 67. The stock appears to be well handled by the controlling clique, and it is intimated that 75 will be reached in the near future. The Southern Pacific is a valuable asset of the Union Pacific, and it is the intention of the Harriman interests to make that asset as valuable as possible. Dividends on Southern Pacific are not far off, and would have been paid months ago but for the determination of the directors to expend large sums for improvements and new equipment. So far, Union Pacific has not responded very much to the rise in Southern Pacific, but it now gives evidence of getting a move on itself. It is in quiet demand at 104, and, barring the unexpected, should go higher. Dividends on Southern Pacific will be a great boon to the Union Pacific system, for reasons that need no longer be expatiated upon.

There has been good investment buying of Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Illinois Central and Chicago & Northwestern common. These stocks are all first-class investments and not inflated, considering their intrinsic merits. As 6 per cent stocks, Pennsylvania and Illinois Central should be worth considerably more than current prices. So far as Northwestern common is concerned, there is reason to look for an increase in the dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent. After both preferred and common have been placed on a 7 per cent basis, the former issue gets 3 per cent, and then the latter gets 3 per cent additional. After that, both issues share equally in the surplus.

Amalgamated Copper, after selling at 79 recently, has receded to 71½ again. It is believed that insiders are accumulating the stock and trying to uncover stop-loss-orders.

But there are also reports that the copper market is weakening again, and that the trust is in uncomfortable straits. It is very hard for anyone but an insider to offer any fairly reliable explanation of the state of affairs. There are rumors of another cut in the dividend-rate, but they are scouted in well-informed circles. On general principles, Amalgamated Copper should be a better purchase than sale.

The coal stocks are firm features of the

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits, 925,402.20

H. A. FORMAN, President G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.]

S.E.COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

Saving Deposits.

Open an account for any amount (from \$1.00 up,) add to it from time to time as your circumstances will permit, ere long you will have enough to invest in a bond or buy a lot. This company can be of assistance to you in more ways than one.

Highest rates of interest on both check and savings accounts. Savings Department open till 8 o'clock Monday evenings.

LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY,

(ORGANIZED APRIL, 1894.)

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$3,600,000.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
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Direct
Private
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DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.
Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker. 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 1/4 - 103
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr 10, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102 1/4 - 103 1/2
"	4	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/2
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 1/4 - 103
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	111 - 112
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 - 105
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 - 106
"	100	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 - 108
(Gld.)	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/4 - 108 1/2
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/4 - 110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 - 110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 - 105
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102 1/4 - 103
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$18,856,277
Assessment.			\$352,521,650

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	75 - 77
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	106 - 106 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	95 - 100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101 1/2
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg.	1928	106 1/2 - 108 1/2
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1918	109 - 110
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 1/2 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s.	1930	112 1/2 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1926	92 1/2 - 93
St. Louis Agr. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	92 1/2 - 93 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	101 - 104 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 - 99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s.	1919	104 - 105
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent.	
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	303 - 305
Boatmen's.	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	218 - 220
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	263 - 265
Continental.	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	266 - 267
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	291 - 293
Franklin.	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180 - 190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333 - 338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775 - 825
International.	100	Dec. 1902, 16 qy	167 - 175
Jefferson.	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c SA	185 - 2.0
Lafayette.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525 - 575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1902, 2 qy	268 - 270
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Dec. 1901, 16 qy	240 - 241
Northwestern.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160 - 170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	320 - 323
South Side.	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125 - 128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	130 - 135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110 - 115
State National.	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	209 - 210
Third National.	100	Dec. 1901, 16 qy	242 - 243

*Quoted 100 for par

The Mirror

TRAINED-NURSE FLIRTATION.

present market. Reading common is within $\frac{1}{2}$ point of the highest level it ever sold at, and Erie is slowly creeping up. Both Reading and Erie issues are good purchases on all weak spots, and should pay to hold for a "long pull." Delaware & Hudson, it is said, will soon have a big advance. Compared with D. Lackawanna & Western, it should certainly be worth more than 174. Hints at another anthracite coal strike are declared absurd and utterly unfounded.

The tendency in prices is upwards, but purchasers should cling to their former cautious attitude, and refuse to be carried off their feet. It is a professional, manipulated market, with syndicates strongly working for a rise and trying to attract the public.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is a depressed feeling in local securities. Prices are lower all around, and selling orders are growing more numerous. Bulls still believe the decline will be only temporary, and soon be replaced by a strongly rising tendency again. They may know what they are talking about, but it may be the wiser policy to wait and see what we can see. There is, apparently, no lack of money for speculation, but banks are more discriminating in accepting collateral, and this is as it should be.

Rumors are current of the formation of a few more trust companies. They spring up like mushrooms in every part of the city. One must certainly admire the "nerve," ingenuity and persistency of local promoters. So far as business sagacity is concerned, let us restrain our admiration for a while.

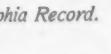
Missouri Trust has dropped to 161 and Lincoln to 282 $\frac{1}{2}$. Selling in Missouri Trust attracted attention. A good many holders were forced to let go, on account of inability to protect their stock with additional margin. Germania Trust is steady around 210, while American Central is lower, and quoted at 175 bid, 178 asked. Colonial Trust is strongly protected, it seems, at 220. State National Bank is selling at 208, and Third National is firm at 242 bid, 243 asked.

St. Louis Transit lost about a point in the past week. It is now quoted at 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ bid, 32 asked. United preferred is firm at 85, and the 4 per cent bonds are still selling at 89 $\frac{1}{2}$.

American Central Insurance is hanging around 234 $\frac{3}{4}$. There has been no transaction in it for sometime. Granite-Bimetallic is selling at the same old prices, 2.65 and 2.67, with little demand for it.

Bank clearances continue large. New York drafts are still at a good premium. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87 $\frac{5}{8}$.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eye fly is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."—Chicago Tribune.



Mrs. Muggins: "My husband told me a barefaced lie when he came home this morning." Mrs. Buggins: "The lie my husband told me had whiskers on it."—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Protection Against Fire and Burglars

Can Be Obtained in the

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

—OF THE—

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. Cor. 4th and Pine Sts. Boxes \$5.00 and Upwards Per Annum.

The Mirror

HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

America's Greatest Health and Pleasure Resort.

Hot Springs, Arkansas, is now conceded to be the greatest of the all-year-round, health and pleasure resorts in the United States. For that reason it is familiarly known as the "Carlsbad of America." The reservation, on which the springs are located, embraces 2,000 acres and is owned and controlled by the United States Government.

Just how the United States Government came to acquire and assume possession and control of these hot springs, whose wonderful waters have wrought millions of miraculous cures, is a long story, but, briefly told, is this:

The Indians knew of the healing properties of these hot waters long before the white man had ventured far from the forests of the Atlantic coast. De Soto, in his wanderings, is said to have chanced upon them, and, like Ponce de Leon, thought he had discovered the priceless beverage of perpetual youth; but, strange to say, he left no record of them.

After De Soto, 259 years, and three years before the Louisiana Purchase was consummated between Napoleon and Jefferson, in

paths. They wind to the summits six and seven hundred feet above the valley, and at every upward turn afford new glimpses of magnificent scenery, which is the delight of the visitors.



The Army and Navy Hospital, Imperial Bath House in foreground.

There are more than a score of bath houses at Hot Springs which pay a license fee to the Government for the use of the

testimonials have been given, that it appears needless to go into details. The official endorsement of the United States Government, given through Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, of the United States Army, carries with it the weight of the highest authority. In an official circular he says the Hot Springs waters are recommended in the treatment of the following diseases:

"Relief may be reasonably expected at the Hot Springs in the following conditions: In the various forms of gout and rheumatism, after the acute or inflammatory stage; neuralgia, especially when depending upon gout rheumatism; metallic or malarial poisoning, paralysis not of organic origin; the earlier stages of locomotor ataxia; chronic Bright's disease (the early stages only), and other diseases of the urinary organs; functional diseases of the liver; gastric dyspepsia not of organic origin; chronic diarrhoea; catarrhal affections of the digestive and respiratory tracts; chronic skin diseases, especially the squamous varieties, and chronic conditions due to malarial infection."

To this list should be added various diseases of the blood, insomnia and nervous prostration, alcoholism, nicotine poisoning, and particularly the numerous ailments peculiar to women, all of which, according to the unanimous evidence of the local prac-



Footpaths Over Hot Springs Mountain.

the year 1800, a party of French trappers and hunters spent several months at the hot springs, making them their headquarters while scouring the neighboring streams and mountains for furs. They built one log cabin and several shacks of split boards on the sites of the present great hotels and bath houses. These were the first white habitations in the valley of vapors.

In 1804 President Jefferson sent an exploring party, in charge of Messrs. Hunter and Dunbar, to Hot Springs to ascertain the character of the waters, and if there was any one in possession, or if any improvements had been made, that would enable any one to establish a claim to the right of possession. This was the origin of the movement that resulted in the United States Government taking possession of the Springs in 1832, and a reservation around them of two miles square.

It is due to the strong arm of the Government, and the rigid laws, which have been strictly enforced, that Hot Springs to-day stands a rival and a peer of the greatest and most far-famed health resorts of the world. Over a million dollars have been spent by the Government in improving and beautifying the city and surrounding mountains.

Much of the reservation has been put in most attractive shape by extensive parking and landscape gardening and the building of grand entrances of great architectural beauty. The mountains have been covered with about fifteen miles of drives and foot-

waters, the money derived from this source being used to improve the reservation. In addition to these the Government has established a large free bath house, where those who are unable to pay the fees at the other establishments may bathe and have the benefit of medical attendance free of charge.

The small hotels and boarding houses are three times more numerous than the bathing

titioners, are successfully treated by the use of the hot waters. Chronic rheumatism is cured here in from six to eight weeks, on an average, though cures have occurred within ten days.

Some stubborn cases require from three to four months. As there is no malaria at Hot Springs, owing to the altitude (from



Entrance to United States Army and Navy Hospital Grounds.

houses, while places for amusement, sport and recreation abound on all sides.

The climate of Hot Springs is delightful, there being but few days in summer or winter when the extremes of heat or cold are uncomfortable. The surrounding mountains act as a barrier to the piercing winds of winter and serve to temper the warm

breezes of summer. The high altitude renders the air healthy and invigorating, while the absence of moisture tends to make it an ideal place for indulging in warm baths without the attending dangers of taking cold.

As to the curative properties of these waters when used for bathing purposes, and also as a beverage, their fame is so widespread, and so many thousands of unsolicited

1,000 to 1,600 feet), and also no marsh lands or stagnant water, patients from malarial districts rapidly get rid of their troubles. There are seventy odd springs from which hot water flows, and of these about forty are used for baths and drinking purposes. Their temperature averages from 130 to 157 degrees Fahrenheit, and this is reduced for both bathing and drinking purposes.

The leading hotels at Hot Springs have long been noted for the excellence of their *cuisine* and service. They have reached the highest standard attained by the hotels of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco, and this means that there are none superior in the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

Marred, murdered, misquoted,
Adapted, mistaken;
And volubly voted
The product of Bacon,
And prefaced with comment.
Abridged, annotated,
By men of no moment
Curtailed and collated.

Sold, sold, and resold,
Bound, bound, bound again,
With edges and tops of gold,
Or sprinkled or plain,
The Poems in vellum,
The Dramas in cloth;
And together they sell 'em,
Or separate or both.

Recited or acted.
And bellowed and spouted,
Extracted, redacted,
By amateurs shouted,
And edited, edited
By old or new men,
And frequently credited
With some acumen.

Rhymed, sonnet'ed ode-d
In immature verse
With eulogy loaded,
Or just the reverse.
Imitated, dissected,
And parodied, too,
Essayed and selected
For some one's review.

Trimmed, twisted, translated,
To suit every tongue,
Pruned, cut, expurgated,
(A gift for the young).
Explained, illustrated,
And turned into prose,
Criticised, emended!
And read? Goodness knows!

—Punch.

FOR CROESUS ONLY.

A certain medico, of Napa, who is known for his skill and his charity, was asked recently to go to a town in the upper end of the valley to attend a young man, believed to be a victim of appendicitis.

"I'll go up on the next train," promised the doctor, "but tell me, has this patient any money?"

"No, doctor," said his friend, "I wish you'd be as light on him as possible."

"Well," replied the physician, "if he hasn't money he can't have appendicitis."—*San Francisco Town Talk*.

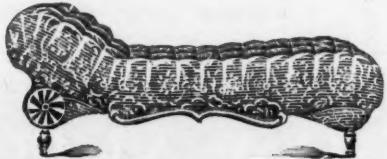
Little Willie: "Say pa, what is the difference between biography and autobiography?"

Pa: "Biography, my son, shows a man as he is, while autobiography shows him as he thinks he is."—*Chicago News*.

CRAWFORD'S

According to ancient custom, we are, as a matter of course, first in the field with New Ideas and Suggestions in Complete House Furnishing for the Spring of 1902; and a visit to our Furniture and Carpet Departments will be an education to those intending to furnish homes, or about to make a few of the usual changes suggested by the advent of Springtime. Many Novelties in Furniture are shown in various new treatments of Oak, the "Weathered" especially being prominent. The designs and colorings of the different makes of carpets were never so delightfully artistic or shown in such beautiful shadings as now. The appended list will give a slight idea of the great variety of household goods carried on our Third floor:

FURNITURE.



FANTASOTE COUCHES—30 inches wide, with new steel construction frame and roccoco moulding, price..... \$15.00



IRON BEDS—Best white enamel with brass rails, head and foot, price, \$5.00



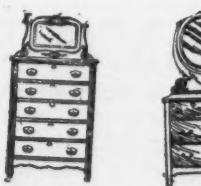
DINING TABLES—in quartered oak, 8 feet long, with heavy 6-inch legs, price..... \$15.00



COMBINATION BOOK-CASES—Double cases in oak or mahogany finish, price..... \$30.00



CENTER TABLES—in oak or mahogany finish, price..... \$3.50



CHIFFONIERS—in oak with fine drawers and beveled edge mirror, price..... \$7.50



DRESSERS—in golden oak, birds-eye maple or mahogany veneer, price..... \$25.00



CHIFFONIERS—in golden oak, bird's eye maple or mahogany veneers, price, \$22.50

3-piece Parlor Suits, in all designs and coverings, from..... \$12.50
Genuine leather, large Turkish upholstered Rockers, from..... \$25.00
Genuine Leather Couches, finely tufted and upholstered, from..... \$23.00

Carpets and Rugs.

AXMINSTER CARPETS—In all the newest colorings and designs, per yard..... 98c, \$1.15, \$1.25

WILTON VELVET CARPETS—For rooms, halls, stairs or rugs; an endless selection; per yard..... 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.10

BODY BRUSSELS CARPET—Very best quality made, in many handsome patterns; per yard..... \$1.25

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPET—For rooms, halls, stairs or rugs, per yard..... 49c, 59c, 63c, 75c, 85c

INGRAIN CARPETS—Every thread all wool, up-to-date designs, per yard..... 45c, 55c, 65c, 70c, 75c

COTTAGE CARPETS—The very newest, reversible, shows matting pattern on one side and Turkish designs on the other; very durable, per yard..... 30c

STRAW MATTING.

The greatest line in St. Louis; all that is new and artistic shown in our Oriental Matting room, on 3d floor. Prices from 12½c to 75c a yard

The new Iron Couch Beds, can be made into couch three-quarter or full-sized bed, from..... \$7.50
Bookcases, in oak or mahogany finish, with portable shelves and glass door, from..... \$7.50
Library Suits, 3 pieces, in leather. Sofa, Arm and Small Chair, from..... \$27.50

FURNITURE.



BOX COUCHES—in rich art denims, well made and commodious, price..... \$6.00



PARLOR SUITS—Very handsome frames, covered in rich four-toned velours, price..... \$27.50



MORRIS CHAIRS—in oak or mahogany finished frames, with velour cushion, price..... \$5.00



ROCKERS—in oak or birch, leather seat and back, price, \$4.50



BEDROOM SUIT—3 pieces, Bed, Dresser and Washstand, in solid golden oak or mahogany, price..... \$25.00



COMFORT CHAIR—adjustable heavy carved frame, with extra fine cushion, price..... \$15.00



SIDEBOARDS—Large and handsome, in golden quartered oak and French plate mirror, price, \$20.00



EXTENSION TABLE—6 feet long, in solid oak, price, \$5.50



SIDEBOARDS—Fine polished and quartered oak, double beveled mirrors, price, \$35.00

China Closets, in quartered oak, 20 different styles, from..... \$12.50
Box Seat Dining Chairs, in cane seat, solid oak frame; 20 different styles, from..... \$2.00

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PUBLIC WANTS LOVE STORIES.

Mr. Henry L. Nelson, formerly editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is the latest acquisition to the Capital's literary set. He has made his home in Seventeenth street, and announces his intention of spending his winters in Washington in the future. Mr. Nelson talks entertainingly of his experience as an editor, and it will doubtless be of interest to writers to know what a veteran editor of one of the best periodicals in the country says upon the subject of magazine contributions.

"The magazines," declared Mr. Nelson, "want anything that can be attractively illustrated. To-day the public insists on being entertained. A magazine article must be lighter than in years gone by, and must contain plenty of anecdote. In fact, the average magazine article is often a series of anecdotes, which are nothing more or less than embryo short stories."

"Then you do not believe, with the critics, that the popularity of the short story is on the wane?"

"No, it is not true, whatever critics say. Everything is tending toward this form of fiction. The idea that the love story is out of favor, too, is absurd. The psychological story may be dying out, because the public wants action, but the love story, in spite of the critics, still holds the place of honor. Love! People are not tiring of love; they are never tired of love. It is true that adventure is a supreme element in the modern short story, but when adventure is one of love, it makes the best sort of story. Every story which deals with human beings must deal with man and woman. Place a man and woman in any position in which they are of interest to each other and to the world, and what is the result? Almost invariably a love story."

"What do you think of women as short story writers?"

"Everything! Woman is in her element in this sort of work. Her fine sensibilities and her strong emotional power especially fit her for it. She is decidedly the equal of any man in this field. Indeed, it is my opinion that in time women will drift more and more toward the work and men will leave it and take up the serious and heavier side of literature. Fiction and poetry are woman's best field—history and politics belong to men."

"But the short story is not dying out. It is growing shorter and more popular every day."—*Washington Post*.



PASTORAL.

Last night I met my own true love
Walking in Paradise;
A halo shone above his hair,
A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sang in alleys green,
And heard the angels play;
Believe me, this was true last night,
Though it is false to-day,

—A. Mary F. Robinson.



SPOILED A DUEL.

Senator Blackburn's ability to orate for hours at a time recalls a story about him while in college. When Blackburn was a student two young fellows quarreled over a girl and determined to fight a duel. Blackburn, who was selected as one of the seconds, arranged that the duel should be fought with pistols, at a distance of 20 paces, at daybreak, the next morning. At the appointed time the principals appeared, and Blackburn, measuring off the pace placed

them in position. He then stepped between them. The sun was just beginning to dawn in the Eastern sky. "Gentlemen," said Blackburn, "I will now announce the terms of the contest."

The Senator, who was telling this story in the cloakroom recently, paused as he reached this point.

"What happened then?" inquired one of the group.

"When Blackburn finished," said the story teller, "it was too dark to shoot. He talked all day."

THE SINFUL BROTHER.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man can be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother,—*February Harper's Magazine*.



THE COURT WAS MERCIFUL.

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, tells a good campaign story on himself. He was making speeches in his Congressional district when a member of the House arrived one afternoon, at a little town. When he reached the hotel he discovered that the proprietor, an old friend of his, had voluntarily gone to jail rather than pay what he believed to be an unjust and illegal tax. The hotel-keeper soon learned that Dolliver was in town and thereupon sent this note to the sheriff.

"Dear Mr. Sheriff: Please let me out of jail for two hours to hear my friend Dolliver make a speech."

"The sheriff," says Mr. Dolliver, "was not only an obliging soul, but he was not devoid of humor. He sent an order to the hotel-keeper releasing him from jail for two hours to hear me speak, and then he added: 'The remainder of your punishment is remitted.' "—*Washington Post*.



A DIPLOMAT'S ANSWER.

On one occasion Lord Palmerston was "heckled" by an audience which demanded to know whether he would vote for a certain measure. With an appearance of the utmost frankness the speaker fronted the audience. "I will," he began. Loud cheers from the Conservatives. "Not." Yells from the opposition; consternation in the other party. "Tell you," calmly resumed the speaker, amid general laughter and good feeling.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

The Mirror



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A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"Yes, Jones struggled along with historic plays and melodramas, but they wouldn't take. Now he has a wonder—a record-beater."

"You don't say! What's the plot?"

"I don't know, but the play ends in the middle of the last act."

"The mid—say, what are you giving me!"

"Straight goods. The idea is to fool the people who are always putting on their wraps before the curtain falls."—*Baltimore News*.



FATHER MONSSABRE, the famous preacher of Notre Dame, Paris, whose fiftieth anniversary as priest has lately been celebrated, is known for his wit and humor. The *Gaulois* tells the following anecdote of him. One day, at a most inconvenient moment, just as he was preparing to enter the pulpit, a lady came to him and, with many airs and graces, told him that her conscience troubled her greatly, because she had that morning admired herself in the looking-glass more than usual, thinking how

OLYMPIC

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very pretty she was. Whereupon he answered: "Go in peace, my child, a mistake not a sin."—*Short Stories*.

SOCIETY—"Society has to have its foundation, you know." "I suppose so." "Fancy anybody, trying to be anybody if there were nobody, who was nobody!"—*New York Sun*.

The Mirror

To Lovers of Literature

In order to give readers of current literature an opportunity to procure their favorite magazines or periodicals at a reduced price, the *Mirror* offers the following liberal club rates. It will be seen that the list includes all of the prominent publications. As a further inducement the *Mirror* offers, in addition to any one of the combinations given below, a three months' trial subscription to the *Mirror* Pamphlets FREE.

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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Bookman (New).....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Success.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.50
Criterion.....	1.00		
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Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35
Arena.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
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